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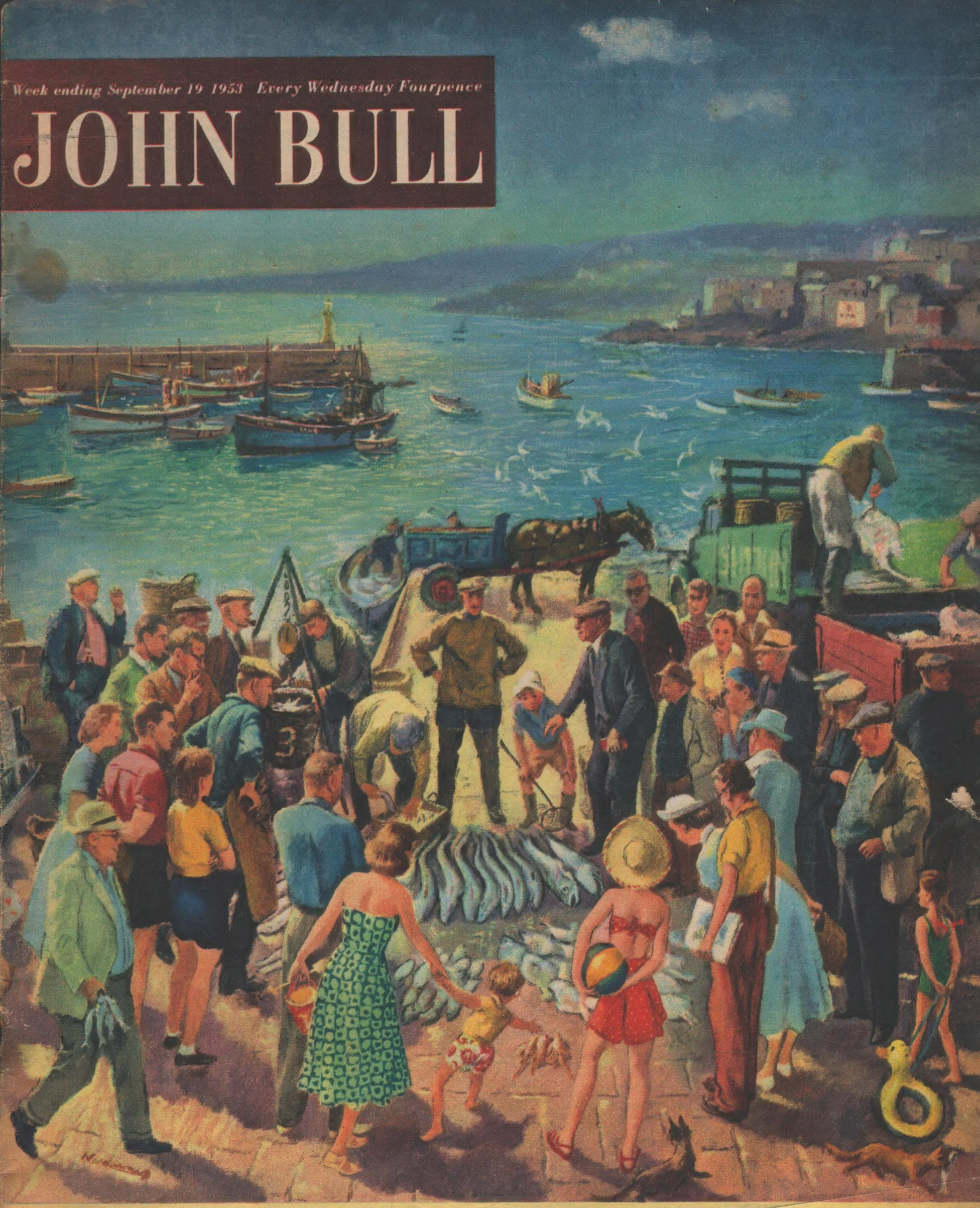

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EDITORIAL

Flying high

EVER since Bleriot flew the Channel in 1909 there have been forecasts of an Air Age, when an ordinary traveller would be able to fly more cheaply than going by train and boat.

Suddenly, the forecasts are coming true.

For £11 3s., flying "night tourist," a traveller can go from the centre of London to the centre of Paris in under four hours. It costs him £12 2s. plus meals to get there in more than seven hours by second-class train and first-class boat, which is the equivalent in comfort and the way sixty-five per cent of overland travellers go.

MR. PETER MASEFIELD, chief executive of British European Airways, says: "We carried one and a half million passengers in the last twelve months. This is a jump of half a million from two years before. There can be no doubt about it—the masses are flying."

MR. MASEFIELD
"The masses are flying"

There are three big reasons: lower air fares, higher overland fares, and the wonderful new aeroplanes developed by British scientists.

B.E.A. dominated the European skies this summer with the smooth-flying turbo-prop Vickers Viscounts. In their first two thousand hours of service the new planes earned £480,000 of revenue and made a profit of £70,000.

WHILE rail-and-sea fares have steadily grown more expensive, the cost of travelling in the air goes down and down. In 1948 it cost £17 1s. 8d., second class, to go overland to Nice, and £34 6s. to fly. In 1953 it costs £23 6s. 5d. overland and £26 13s. 10d. to fly at night.

Thus, in five years, the difference has been cut from double to nil, if meals are taken into consideration. *And* it is far quicker. *And* there are no interminable queues for Customs. *And* it is cleaner.

No wonder there were 9,591 landings and take-offs from the London airports this June, against 8,422 the previous June.

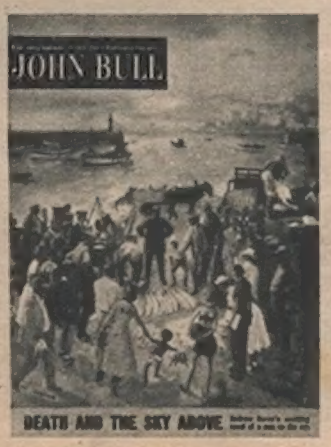
If the railways and ships want to recover their custom they must slash their prices and speed up port facilities.

THE airlines, too, must keep up their policy of cutting prices. This winter they are offering a seven-day all-in holiday in the South of France just for the price of the summer daytime fare. The next step is to bring down fares to a third-class level by cutting out refreshments and fitting in more passengers.

But one big snag remains—getting passengers swiftly and painlessly from city centre to airport. With that overcome the Air Age really would be here!

THIS WEEK'S COVER

ONCE one of the centres of Britain's pilchard catches, St. Ives, in Cornwall, now counts fishing and boat building among several other industries—clothing manufacture, light engineering and holiday making. The hillside scenery, the light and the colouring attract many artists to the little town. Among them is Bill Narraway, who painted the landing, weighing and spot selling of fish, seen on the quayside nearly every evening of the week.



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Children especially need a good start to the day. 'Ovaltine' provides nutritive elements, including vitamins, for helping to maintain strength and energy.

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After School

At the end of a tiring day at school a cup of 'Ovaltine' will help to renew the energy which children use up so freely.

At Bedtime

'Ovaltine' is the world's best night-cap. Taken at bedtime it helps to promote the conditions favourable to complete, peaceful sleep of the best kind.

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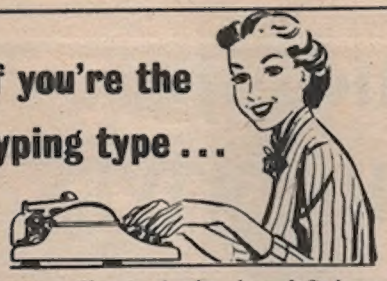

If you realise (and who doesn't?) how much better your letters look and read when you type them; how much quicker you can tap through your spare time work or study notes; how convenient it is to have at your finger-tips a beautiful little machine that's yours faithfully for all typing, that gives you all big-type-writer features plus portability—then

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FREE SPEECH

Our gardens rival the farms

AFTER YEARS OF WAITING for a home, I moved into a new house at the edge of our village. The first time I met my neighbour, a farmer, he did not seem too pleased to see me. "Another good field built over. Nobody would think that the country needed food," he complained.

I told him that I planned to make good use of the garden to grow fruit and vegetables. "What's a few cabbages?" he said, quite unimpressed. We've had many an argument since then, so I was interested to learn recently that a Ministry of Housing investigation has shown that in a year the average garden produces food worth £5 13s. 8d. I calculate that an acre of land used for twelve houses yields food worth slightly *more* than that from an acre of farm-land. Now I've got the answer for my friend the farmer.—C. G. J., Suffolk.

New System

IN a fortnight I have seen three vehicles with number-plates bearing four figures followed by a single letter. At first I thought it was a Continental system, but all three cars were English. I saw one at Hove, one at St. Albans, and one in the City. In each case the letter was "H." Does this mean they were all registered in Hampshire, or perhaps Herts? Or is this the code letter for the year?—D. G. TURNER, Harrow.

Middlesex is issuing four-figure numbers followed by the code letter H. Staffordshire's letter is E. Many other authorities are nearing the end of their block of old-style registration numbers.

All For A Shilling

AT a local auction sale I spotted a fireguard, just the thing I needed. I bid a shilling for the lot and it was knocked down to me. When I got my goods home I found that I had bought more than thirty articles for my shilling. In addition to the guard, the lot included a cast-iron curb, five mouse traps, a half-full 4 lb. tin of oil-bound cream distemper, two tin-openers, a corkscrew, a screw-driver, a hammer, a fish slice, a tea strainer, a vegetable sieve, a blacklead brush, a clothes brush, a stiff carpet brush, a hearth brush, a bottle brush, two sweeping brushes, an aluminium mug, a small plastic bowl, a wicker basket, several staples, two meat hooks, a dustpan, a meat baking-tin, and five yards of flex.—MRS. S. M. C., Somerset.

A Screen Digby

DAVID WALKER'S hilarious novel, *Digby*, serialized in JOHN BULL recently, would be a tremendous box office attraction as a film. How about Cary Grant as Digby, Gene Tierney as Madeleine, Stewart Granger as Lord Balgersho, Kay Kendall as Fiona and, of course, Roger Livesey as Colonel Galbraith?—MRS. K. C. GRAHAM, Heaton, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

. . . My ideal cast is James Stewart as Digby, Maureen O'Hara as Fiona, Jane Wyman as Madeleine, Richard Todd as Lord Balgersho, Nigel Bruce as Colonel Galbraith, Dora Bryan as Elspeth, and George Cole as the Rev. Lachlan McLean.—MRS. I. W., Walsall, Staffordshire.

Champagne Gratis

DO the Swiss ("Free Speech," August 29) really regard overseas visitors just as a source of money? Once, when our travel allowance would cover little more than our bare hotel bill, the head waiter himself bought us champagne for our last dinner—and he knew he had no chance at all of being tipped.—MISS S. D., KENT.

. . . At the end of our holiday in Switzerland, the proprietor of the hotel gave each woman in the party a wrapped and sealed bunch of wild narcissi in bud.—MRS. H. F. B., Newton Abbot, Devon.

. . . For generosity and goodwill visit the small villages of Norway. I called at a cottage to ask for a drink and was invited to return in the evening as a guest.—H. H., Lancashire.

Cured By Magic

I KNOW a man who thinks that the disappearance of a wart from his finger was due to the fact that he let a black snail run over the wart, and then impaled the unfortunate creature on a thorn.—C. G., Belfast.

Scouser Speech

APART from the "extraordinary accent" to which Harry Hopkins referred in the first of his articles on Liverpool in JOHN BULL, the "Scousers" have their unique turns of speech. As founder of the Local Dialect Society, I listed some two hundred words and phrases peculiar (or almost so) to the area. For example: "blocker" for a bowler hat, "jowler" for an entry between houses, and "wet nellers" for a species of pudding cake (Tommy Handley loved it). "Down the banks" means "having a row." This expression comes from Liverpool's wild past when every Sunday morning men who had quarrelled over the previous night's ale met "down the banks" of the canal to fight, stripped to the waist.—FRANK SHAW, Nyland Road, Huyton, Liverpool.

Man In A Hurry

THERE is no need to go as far as South Australia to see papers delivered by a speeding van, as described by Mrs. F. E. C. Edgson in "Free Speech." On a round 120-mile trip from Stornoway to Rodel, in the Hebrides, I have seen the driver throw about fifty newspapers out of his van, one by one. Many other things are "delivered" in this way—he stops only for milk, or to pass on verbal messages, always in Gaelic.—ARTHUR DONALDSON, Edinburgh, 7.

A WONDERFUL SUPPLEMENT IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

TV's GREAT YEAR

by GILBERT HARDING

See announcement on page 9

Bells At Dawn

MY husband likes to be up at five o'clock, as an early start is such an advantage in his work as a farmer. But every morning our clockwork alarm runs right out unheard and our

additional electric alarm clock rings for anything from twenty to fifty minutes before one of us wakes up. We have tried putting the clocks on my side of the bed (no results), standing them in tins (better for one morning only), and going to bed early (again, no results). When we ask for advice, people say: "Oh, I can get up at any hour I please." But they never tell us how they do it. Is there a method, and can it be learned? Alternatively, how can we make the alarms ring louder?—MRS. J. W. L., Buntingford, Herts.

Paper Chase

I WISH that H. S. G., who wrote that modern children have no inclination to read ("Free Speech," August 22), could see the scramble for the morning papers in the reading-room of my house at school. The papers are continuously being read, and in the evening, when they are the worse for wear, we take them down to our housemaster.—M. F., Kent.

The Open Road

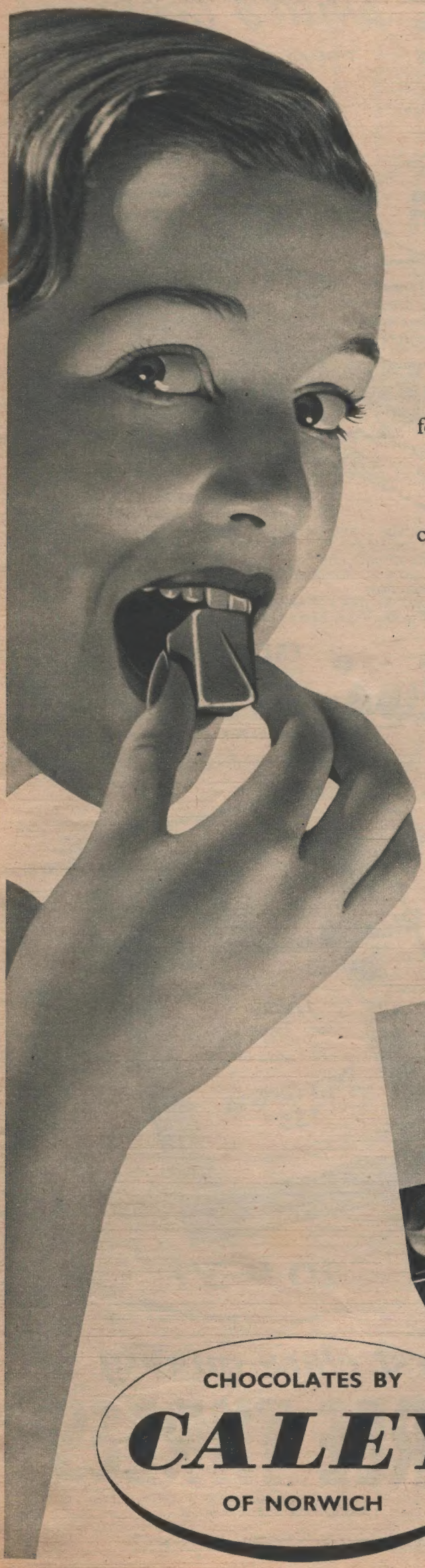
AT forty, I decided to give up a position of some importance with a reputable firm—a good, safe, pensionable job—because I was not happy in the work. Now I am back on the road, taking new cars and other vehicles to all parts of the country. My only security for the future is what I can save, but I am happy again and I do not regret my decision.—K. C., London, N.1.

Pillion Fashions

HOLIDAYING in the Italian Dolomites, I visited Bolzano, where half the people I saw were cruising around on miniature motor cycles. As my photograph shows, the girls prefer to

ride side-saddle and give the traffic signals. Do they think this is more graceful than the British custom of riding astride the pillion? Or is the position dictated by the tight-skirted Italian fashions?—L. T. C., Littleborough, Lancashire.

Letters intended for publication should be as brief as possible and include the sender's full name and address. John Bull pays a guinea for every letter printed. Readers with personal problems should send inquiries (other than medical) to John Bull Free Advice Service with a stamped addressed envelope for reply.



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Down goes a glass of Seagers Egg Flip.
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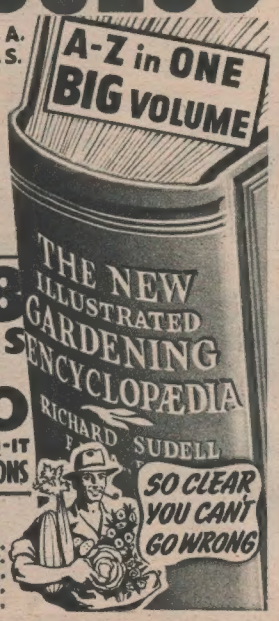
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"Listen, Kathryn, you could get ten years for helping me. . . ." Charles began. She interrupted him sharply: "Traffic lights! Get under the rug!"

DEATH AND THE SKY ABOVE

by ***ANDREW GARVE***

ILLUSTRATED BY FRED LAURENT

It was an insane risk to take. But otherwise, she knew, he would hang

AT THE OLD BAILEY, Charles Hilary had been condemned to death for strangling his wife, Louise. He was said to have killed her for the sake of Kathryn Forrester, a charming and popular television interviewer. It was an incredible, fantastic moment—for Hilary was innocent.

He had hardly seen his selfish, neurotic wife for two years. She had sunk into a sluttish life of drink, drugs—and other men. He had repeatedly begged her for a divorce, but, out of sheer spite, she had always refused. Her last refusal had been only a few hours before her death, and Charles had left her flat shaking with fury. His nerves were jangling: he could do nothing until he saw Kathryn that evening. To kill time, he had gone to a Test Match at the Oval.

But Kathryn filled him with new hope. She was willing to give up her career; they would live abroad. It seemed the only way out of this wretched triangle. . . .

Next day, Hilary had been charged with murder. At his trial, the one bit of evidence that could have saved him was missing—proof of his alibi for the time of Louise's death.

Sitting in court, Kathryn, worn out by anxiety, collapsed as she heard the verdict: Guilty.

PART 2

The Escape

JUST after four o'clock on a Tuesday afternoon—sixteen hours before the time fixed for Charles Hilary's execution — a large petrol-lorry was making its way through the

Kathryn was about to push off in the dinghy when a light flashed on the road. She was petrified with fear. A car! It could only be the police

south-western suburbs of London. Its driver, a heavily built man named William Moore, was suffering badly from the heat: it was an exceptionally hot day for the time of the year. In fact, Moore felt so exhausted that he had decided to go to see the doctor after he had unloaded the cargo of petrol from the huge tank behind him.

As the lorry slowly descended the hill that led to Pentonhurst Prison, the big double gates swung open and a car emerged. Moore slowed to let it turn in front of him and was just going to follow it when another car with an L plate nipped across his off-side wing. With a muttered curse, he wrenched the heavy wheel over to avoid a collision—and that was the last thing he ever knew. His grip relaxed, his body slumped in its seat, and his foot wedged down hard on the accelerator. At full throttle, the great lorry gathered speed and roared through the open prison gates. A uniformed officer who was about to shut them gave a shout of alarm, failed to jump aside in time, and was swept under the wheels.

Travelling now at nearly forty miles an hour, the lorry careered across the main courtyard, struck the doorway of one of the prison blocks with a fearful crash, and overturned. The petrol tank, ripped open by the impact, spewed out its contents, and as the fuel reached the hot exhaust there was a violent explosion.

In a matter of seconds, Moore's body was incinerated. Two thousand gallons of flaming petrol were flung about the prison, and almost before anyone had realized what had happened, there was a sea of fire stretching from the point of collision to the hospital block. From a neighbouring store where the material for the mail-bags was kept, columns of black smoke began to pour.

When the crash came, Charles was lying on his bed in the roomy cell reserved for the condemned. The thick walls had not sufficed to keep out the phenomenal heat of the day, and he had stripped down to a singlet and underpants and canvas shoes. Even so, he was sweating.

THREE weeks had elapsed since the Old Bailey verdict. At first he had permitted himself to hope, for though the lawyers had advised him that the trial had been impeccably conducted and that there was little to hope from the appeal, they had thought there was a fair chance of a reprieve. Then, three days ago, had come word that the Home Secretary saw no reason to intervene.

He had been in mental agony for some time after that. To be deprived of the life that had begun to hold such promise, for a crime that he knew nothing about—that was a thought to unhinge the mind. He had lived through a frenzy of rage, a black hell of despair. But with the approach of the last hours he had grown calmer, disciplining himself with trite but eternal truths. Everyone had to die and few were happy in their end. Why rail at injustice when it was the rule of the world, the common experience? Why rail at all, when nothing could be altered? He was going to die, and it was better to die stoically than cravenly. . . .

The worst part had been the farewell to Kathryn. Stoicism grew from contemplation, not from lovers' meeting. Face to face, they had gazed at each other in a dumb agony of love and grief. It had been harder, afterwards, to take the cosmic view.

Still, he had forced his mind into acceptance again. When the crash came, he hardly noticed it He was like a man in a trance, almost impervious to noise and shock.

But the tumult grew more insistent, and presently he roused himself and padded across the floor to the iron grille. Somewhere along the corridor, men were screaming and beating frantically on locked doors. The warder, who never ceased to watch him, had disappeared. People were pounding past, shouting above the din. Alarm bells were ringing. The orderly routine of the prison had been shattered.

Acrid smoke was seeping along the passage, and Charles began to cough. The pandemonium was increasing, the panic was infectious. Now he could hear the metallic clang of cell doors being flung back. They must be evacuating the block. Instinctively and irrationally, he began to beat on his own door.

Then the keys jangled, and through a fog of smoke a warder yelled "Out!" and grabbed him by the arm. In a moment he had joined the scurrying throng of prisoners in the corridor. The screaming had got worse—some poor devils must be trapped.

Outside in the courtyard, all was confusion. Two blocks were burning furiously, and a thick blanket of smoke had turned the sun into a dull red ball.

A fire engine tore through the prison gates

and across the yard, nearly running Charles down. He stepped back and stood irresolute while hoses were run out around him. The restraining hand was no longer upon his arm—in this moment of catastrophe, he had ceased to be of paramount importance.

The pall of smoke steadily thickened and descended, until soon nothing was visible but vague shadows. Choking, he moved away to get out of the smoke and, as he groped ahead, his fingers touched ironwork. Dim shapes were bent over something on the ground, others were milling around the gate, noisy and excited. He walked out, and no one stopped him, and a moment later he was in the road.

Until now he had had no conscious thought of escape: six weeks under lock and key had got him out of the habit of acting on his own initiative. But once outside the prison, it seemed absurd to go back. He couldn't hope to get far in these clothes, but at least he had nothing to lose. He began to run.

As he emerged from the smoke-screen into bright sunshine, a youth racing by on a bicycle called out derisively: "Keep your elbows in!" For a moment, the significance of the words didn't register, but when he received tolerant smiles from other people whom he passed, he suddenly realized what was happening. Because of his singlet and underpants, they were mistaking him for a real runner—an athlete out for training! He thrust his chest forward and his shoulders back and tried to imitate the easy, loping strides of the expert. As long as he kept moving he could probably maintain the illusion, and if so. . . .

For the first time, he began to think of escape as a serious possibility, and when an opportunity occurred, he turned off the main road. Presently he found himself in a maze of mean streets where children played in the gutters and jeered as he passed.

By now his unpractised legs were beginning to feel weak and his breath was rattling in his dry throat. He could think of only one course that offered any hope—to ring up Kathryn. If she could pick him up in her car and take him out of the neighbourhood, there was a chance.

Ahead of him he could see a road junction, with a public lavatory in the middle of it, and—yes!—a telephone box. He covered the hundred yards in a final spurt and flung himself into the kiosk. Panting, he grasped the receiver.

It was only then that he realized he had no money. Threepence! That was all he needed. In a sudden frenzy he banged at button B, but no magical shower of coppers resulted.

Then he remembered that it was sometimes possible to transfer the charge for a call, and hope returned. For a second or two he stood with his hand on the receiver, getting his breath back, thinking what he would say to the operator, what he would say to Kathryn if he got through. Then he dialled O. By the time the operator answered, his voice was under control.

"I want to make a transferred charge call to Flaxman 48042. I haven't any change."

The girl took it quite as a matter of course. "What is your name, please?"

Think quickly. "Forrester. John Forrester."

"Hold the line."

Almost at once, the phone began to ring at the other end.

SUDDENLY there was a click, he heard the operator talking, and then, like music from heaven, Kathryn's voice.

"Go ahead, caller," said the girl cheerfully.

He didn't think anyone would be listening in, but it seemed wiser to take no risks. He plunged at once into his prepared piece.

"Kathryn! Before you say a single word, let me tell you how frightfully sorry I am that I wasn't able to keep that appointment today. Something quite extraordinary happened, and it completely changed my plans. You do understand, don't you? I'm free now, quite free, and I'm at a place called Porter Street, S.W.17, where it joins Lemon Street. Do you think you could possibly pick me up here right away?"

There was a moment's absolute silence—then a frightened sibilance rather than a word. "Charles!"

He tried to sound matter-of-fact. "Porter Street and Lemon Street. Could you come?"

Again a pause, and then: "Yes, oh yes."

"Right. I'll expect you in about half an hour. In case I'm getting a cup of tea or something, will you give a hoot when you reach the junction?"

"Yes." Her voice, though still low, had more assurance. "I'll come at once."

He hung up quickly and looked out through the glass doors. Two men and a woman were passing on the other side of the street. He watched them out of sight and let a car go by, and then he made a dash for the flight of steps marked "Gentlemen." The lavatory, like the district, was grimy, and there was no attendant. One of the closets had the word "Free" on it, and he slipped inside and shut the door.

At last, a respite!

While he waited, he considered the next move. His immediate needs were clear enough. Clothes, food—and above all, somewhere safe to hide. Somewhere off the beaten track, where he could lie undisturbed until the first fury of the manhunt was over. . . . A plan of action began to take shape in his mind.

AFTER a while he heard a church clock strike in the distance. Five o'clock! He must have been down here at least half an hour. He tried hard to curb his impatience, telling himself that Kathryn had the rush-hour traffic to contend with and that finding a rendezvous like this wouldn't be easy. Every few minutes someone came down the steps, and once there was a tentative push at the door behind which he crouched. At every fresh alarm, his heart seemed to turn over. With freedom, even this much freedom, fear had come back. Once again, he had something to lose.

Suddenly, almost overhead, a familiar hooter summoned him. Thank God! She'd done it!

At the sound of his step, Kathryn twisted round in her seat. He jerked the door open and flung himself into the rear seat. "Drive on, Kathryn! Quickly! Make for the Elephant!"

As the car moved off, her eyes met his in the driving-mirror, and it was like the meeting of ghosts. "My darling!" she said in a choking voice. "Oh, my darling! . . . Charles—what's happened?"

"The prison caught fire. I escaped."

"Escaped!"

"Listen, Kathryn. Before you get any deeper into this, you've got to realize something—you could get ten years for helping me. I shouldn't have brought you into it at all—I didn't want to, but I couldn't think of any other way. . . ."

"Traffic lights!" she said sharply. "Keep down. There should be a rug there."

He found it and covered himself as the car stopped.

Directly they were over the crossing, Kathryn said: "My darling, the only thing we have to think about now is how to keep you alive. We're in this together and you can count on me absolutely—you know that. I simply don't care what happens to me. Now—where do you want me to take you?"

"I think the Medway's the best place."

"The cottage?"

"Not for me—they'll remember that that was our hide-out. I thought of Twinney Island. I could camp out there indefinitely."

She gave a murmur of assent. Twinney Island was one of a complex group of islets and tide-swept saltings in the big southern bulge of the Medway where they had spent so many week-ends.

It had a battered sea-wall round it that would give some protection, and it was only a quarter of a mile or so from the cottage. It

A WONDERFUL SUPPLEMENT WITH JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

TV's GREAT YEAR

by Gilbert Harding

Gilbert Harding

LAST YEAR, as one of its famous supplements, JOHN BULL presented the first Guide to Television. Since then, the Coronation, the improved programmes, the new stars and a million more licence-holders have made 1953 into television's greatest year. Now, JOHN BULL announces its second TV supplement, which will be presented with every copy of next week's issue.

It is introduced and conducted by Gilbert Harding, the most famous face on the TV screen. In eight packed pages, which may be detached and kept by your set, he takes you in front of his own fireside screen to share his likes and dislikes, and behind the studio camera to show you how it's all done.

THE NEW STARS

Harding introduces the dozen artists who have rocketed to new TV fame in the last twelve months; fascinating JOHN BULL-style biographies bring them to life for you.

He has given a special section to children's programmes, and the B.B.C. has co-operated in releasing new facts about the nation's viewing. There are sections on how your licence money is spent, and hard facts about the future.

HIS FAVOURITES

Twenty-two of Gilbert Harding's own special TV favourites (and himself) have been painted in a gay *Café Continental* setting by Charles Wood, one of JOHN BULL'S most popular artists. **And, in addition, JOHN BULL will next week begin exclusive publication of Gilbert Harding's own outspoken life-story. For further details, see the announcement on page 12 of this issue.**

Important: *This is the first of three Great Supplement Weeks typical of the three-fold appeal that has made* JOHN BULL *famous: well-written personality articles, the best new fiction, and exciting real-life adventures. More details next week. There is certain to be a big demand for these special issues—many readers were unable to get copies of* JOHN BULL'S *previous supplement numbers. The only way to make sure that you will obtain your copy is to . . .*

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As Kathryn opened the door, a torch flashed at her. "What are you doing here?" she demanded

was as wild and desolate a spot as any in the country.

"We must get some stores over tonight, before the police come," he said. "There's plenty of stuff at the cottage."

"Can I come there with you?"

"That's not possible, darling—the police would find the car. Besides, you'll be my only lifeline. Sooner or later, everything may depend on your keeping your freedom of movement."

"What shall I do then?"

"Well, it's a bit tricky, but I think the safest thing would be for you to stay on at the cottage for a day or two. The point is, the police are bound to ask where you were from five o'clock this afternoon onwards, and I don't see how you can possibly invent a watertight story to cover six or seven hours. They can't prove anything if they find you staying quite openly at the cottage."

"Yes, I see that. I can always say I've come down to get away from people—that sounds reasonable enough. Better get down again, darling. We're just coming to the Elephant and the lights are red."

The traffic was at its height at the busy junction, and they were held up for nearly five minutes. It was stifling under the rug, but the pavements were crowded, and Charles didn't dare to raise his head. When at last they moved off along the New Kent Road, Kathryn gave a quick look round.

"All right, darling?"

"Just about. Kathryn, I've been thinking. The best thing would be to drop me just beyond East Rainham, where the road touches the sea-wall—by Otterham Creek, you remember?—and I'll lie low there until dusk. Then I'll walk round the sea-wall and swim to the island."

She thought of the swift tides and the muddy banks and the total lack of seamarks in that part of the estuary. Still, Charles was a good swimmer and there were so many ways in which disaster might overtake them that there was no sense in worrying about minor dangers.

"All right," she said, "but for heaven's sake be careful. Now tell me exactly what I must do."

He began to tell her, while the car negotiated New Cross Gate and turned eastward out of London. The girl listened, seriously, until again they were in traffic and she had to concentrate on her driving.

AFTER a while, she said: "Darling, what will happen when your food is all gone? How can I bring you more if they're watching me all the time?"

"You can't—we've got to face that. If you make one move in my direction or even so much as squint at the islands, they'll be on to me like a shot. But if you cram the dinghy full I ought to be able to manage for a week or ten days—perhaps longer at a pinch—and by that time the hunt may have shifted."

He had begun to sound very tired—he was feeling the reaction now after all the effort and excitement. "God, that was a frightful thing, Kathryn. I'm only just beginning to realize how frightful it was. I don't know what caused it, but whatever it was, it all happened in a matter of seconds. There were people being burned to death but at the time it made no impression on me. It was just as though I were sleep-walking until I found myself outside the prison—actually outside, and in the street. I suppose I could have done something to help if I'd stayed—or could I? Probably they'd have shut me up again pretty soon. . . ."

"Don't worry about that, darling. If ever anyone was entitled to take his chance, you were."

He sighed and lay back against the seat. Soon they would be out in the country. Kathryn had put on speed and was giving all her attention to her driving. It was some time before

Continued on page 31

Mr. Spencer knocks at the eleventh hour

by DON EVERITT

The bailiff calls as a last resort, and never knows what reception to expect. He may play a crafty game of hide-and-seek with an unwilling host—or be greeted with an axe

CLIFFORD SPENCER, a Sheffield bailiff, once knocked on the door of a house in the city to levy a distress for arrears of rates. Quickly assessing the tenant when he answered the door, Spencer took nearly an hour tactfully explaining to him the purpose of his call and the procedure for levying. When Spencer left, he turned to his "possession man" and said: "We've got to treat that fellow very carefully. One of these days he'll do an injury to somebody—and it's not going to be me."

The next day, another bailiff went to the house with an ejection order for arrears of payments on the house. One of the old bowler-hatted school of bailiffs, he did not waste words; but the tenant seemed to take his brusqueness reasonably enough, and even helped to remove his belongings from the house. The bailiff was lulled into a false sense of confidence, and several times he carried furniture out of the house in front of the tenant. He did it once too often.

Inwardly outraged by the sight of his home being broken up, the man followed the bailiff empty-handed. Near the door he picked up an axe and, with a fanatical blow, almost split the bailiff's head in two. At his trial, at which Clifford Spencer was a defence witness, the man was found guilty of murder and was detained during His Majesty's pleasure.

"If I had treated him differently," Spencer says, "I might well have been his victim. The bailiff's life is not usually dangerous, but we have to realize that we are dealing with people undergoing severe stress."

Tenant Locked Them Out

Hard experience gained during twenty-four years as a bailiff has taught Spencer all the wiles of defaulting tenants. Years ago, when he was assisting in an eviction in Sheffield, the tenant appeared to be quite resigned to the whole thing —until the bailiffs and their assistants made the mistake of trooping out of the back door with furniture all at the same time. Suddenly the door slammed behind them and there was a hurried grating of bolts and clicking of locks. The bailiffs knocked and called in vain.

"Hope always springs eternal in a defaulting tenant," says Spencer. "Even in the last minutes of the eleventh hour these people were hoping that something would turn up. Of course, it didn't. The bailiffs broke the door open and got on with their job."

An amiable Yorkshireman from Rotherham, Clifford Dowse Spencer completely belies the pantomime characterization of the bailiff. He is neither rotund nor brusque, and his clean-cut features make him look younger than his forty-four years. His quick, clipped Yorkshire tongue has the cadence which comes from making firm but sympathetic explanations.

One of ninety-odd private bailiffs in England and Wales and one of four in Sheffield, Spencer

As he leaves his office, Spencer belies the pantomime version of the brusque bailiff. "This job sharpens your wits," he says, and he has evolved tricks to outwit the most wily tenant

Gilbert Harding

AT JOHN BULL'S invitation, the man with the sharpest tongue in Britain, tells the full, frank story of his tempestuous life. In the biography of the year, he writes as Harding the philosopher, Harding the wit—but always as Harding the outspoken. He hides nothing about his schooldays, his rebellion against authority, his varied career as policeman, teacher and star. Gilbert Harding begins . . .

ALONG MY LINE

In John Bull Next Week

Harding at college. "To my surprise," he writes, "I found myself making friends"

divides his work broadly into two parts. As a bailiff certificated to levy distress for rent arrears, he handles an average of two hundred cases a year, about half the city's total; as an agent for landlords, he assists the county court bailiffs in evicting thirty to forty tenants every year—about ninety-five per cent of the total evictions in the city.

Distraining for rent entitles a landlord to seize his tenant's goods to satisfy a debt, subject to the court's approval. "He can take the goods himself," says Spencer, "but usually he authorizes a certificated bailiff to do the job."

Spencer's first task when a landlord hands him a distress warrant is to enter the tenant's house between sunrise and sunset on any day but Sunday. It is not always easy, either legally or physically. The law says that first entry has to be peaceable. Spencer can go in through a door by turning a key or a handle, by sliding a bolt, or pushing the door if it is ajar, or through a window provided it is partially open. But he cannot force an outer door, open a closed window, even if it is unlatched, or get in through a broken door or window.

Pretended To Dig Up Lawn

"Some people are excessively polite when I call; others behave as if they are defending a fortress." Frequently Spencer enters a house by using the "salesman's technique" of inviting himself in as he makes his introduction.

With people who are particularly stubborn, Spencer wastes no time. By discreet inquiries, he finds the times at which the occupants are likely to be going in or out of the house. "Your own discomfort sharpens your wits," he says. On one occasion, he was unable to get into a house occupied by an elderly eccentric, who had a gun which he had previously threatened to use. Spencer's assistant posed as a bootlace vendor and, as soon as the door opened, Spencer himself quickly slipped through it behind the old man's back.

A predecessor of Spencer's once told his assistant to bring a spade when they went to levy a distress on an awkward tenant. When they reached the house, the bailiff said: "Now, this man is fond of his garden, so I want you to pretend to dig up the lawn. As soon as he appears, bolt for it. I'll slip in the house as he's chasing you." The ruse worked.

Once he is inside a house, Spencer faces a fresh batch of minor pitfalls. He may not seize things which cannot be restored to the owner in the same condition, such as meat. Money also must not be distrained unless it is in a box or a bag, because the identical pieces cannot be known. Wild animals, public service fittings, the goods of a lodger, or, surprisingly, of an ambassador, are among other items which the law says Spencer has to leave alone.

Having theoretically "marked the goods," and having told the tenant that he has a maximum of five days to pay off the arrears and recover his property, Spencer then invites him to sign a "walking possession" form. With this, the tenant agrees to the goods being impounded in the house until the five days' notice has expired; it allows him to carry on using them meanwhile, and it empowers the bailiff to re-enter the building, by force if required, to remove the goods at any time. "If the tenant doesn't agree to 'walking possession'," says Spencer, "we take the goods there and then. If the tenant does not pay the arrears in five days, the goods are sold by auction and the debt and costs are paid out of the proceeds."

Through the years, Spencer has distrained an immense variety of goods, including four cows. On another occasion, he seized two greyhounds; he had to have them exercised so that they would be returned in the same condition.

In impounding goods, Spencer tries to make the member of the household who is responsible for the rent arrears suffer the most inconvenience. Not long ago, by tactful conversation with a housewife, he found that her husband kept her short of money while he spent lavishly on drink and cigarettes. Further discreet questioning revealed that the man had two fairly valuable heirlooms of which he was very proud. Spencer took them. Within three days, the husband had paid the debt. "If I'd taken, say, the sewing machine, he wouldn't have cared two hoots," says Spencer. "It's pitting my wits like this that really makes the job worthwhile to me."

To the bailiff, the financial rewards are meagre. Like the law of distress, they have not changed since 1888. For distresses up to £10, Spencer gets 5s., no matter how much work is involved. For every day that he is in "close possession" of a house, the possession man gets 6s. or 7s., and he has to provide his own meals.

"The other side of the work—eviction—is much more straightforward than distraining," says Spencer. "It is also much more unpleasant."

Getting into the house presents no problems in an eviction. If the tenant locks the door, the bailiff just breaks it open. "Eviction seems to be a hard business," says Spencer, "but there are few cases where it is not richly deserved. The delay between the landlord first threatening action and the court proceedings is rarely less than three months, and the judge invariably gives a suspended order."

During an eviction, Spencer inevitably gets abuse. He disregards it all. "If I were in the tenant's place I would probably feel just the same way. It's just letting off steam, and it's better that they do it verbally. They soon give it up."

Spencer has never been assaulted while at work. People have brandished milk bottles at him, and an ex-air gunner once threatened in a newspaper interview to defend his home in the same way that he had defended his aircraft. "It was all last-minute bluff," says Spencer. "When we arrived, he was quite reasonable."

Defended House With Fork

A few people make themselves difficult by standing their ground in the house. One man stayed in bed when the bailiffs arrived. Spencer and his colleagues ejected him peaceably by carrying him out in the bedclothes. On another occasion, a woman locked and bolted herself in an upstairs room which had a particularly sound door. Spencer's assistant put a ladder to the window, but as his head came level with the window-sill the woman jabbed a fork at him. "He came down the ladder much faster than he had gone up it," recalls Spencer. "In the end, we had to break the door right down."

Even after the tenants have been evicted and Spencer has legally secured the outer doors with nails, the trouble is not always over. One woman got back into a house during the night through the cellar grating, replaced all her belongings and nailed the doors from the inside. The next day Spencer patiently ejected her again and re-secured the doors.

That same night the woman drew the nails out and went back to the house. She was duly turned out, only to force her way in twice more after the bailiffs had left. "Eventually, the back door was practically hanging on by a splinter, and the landlord decided to find her rooms and move her there at his own expense."

For more than sixty years there has been a bailiff in the business of auctioneer, valuer and estate agent which Clifford Spencer runs in Queen Street, Sheffield. "Since the 1890s," Spencer says, "bailiffs generally have changed considerably. A lot has been done to improve the standing of the job, and the old-fashioned bullying type of bailiff has disappeared."

Case With A Happy Ending

Probably because the job is poorly paid and largely unpleasant, the number of bailiffs has been steadily declining in recent years. But, as Spencer says, someone has to do the job. To become a private bailiff, no academic qualifications are necessary. The applicant appears before the county court judge, is asked questions on the law of distress, and has to produce letters of reference from three eminent citizens. For a fee of 5s. the successful man gets a warrant to distrain for rent anywhere in England and Wales. The warrant is renewable yearly—"If the bailiff misbehaves the judge can cancel it."

Spencer feels that the qualities a bailiff needs are tact, patience, firmness and tolerance. He always tries to be friendly, and one of his recent cases even had a happy ending. A man and his wife who were sub-tenants in a house were evicted after the tenant had left. "I always feel sorry for the lodgers and sub-tenants because they get thrown out through no fault of their own. I particularly liked the look of these two young people." Later that same day, Spencer evicted a tenant from another house—and immediately suggested to the landlord that the couple should take it over. The landlord was happy to agree. THE END

A girl of discretion

by **EDITH PARGETER**

ILLUSTRATED BY KENNETH WYNN

Plenty of young men had made a pass at Amanda—but she'd never met an armed robber before. The treatment needed only slight adaptation

BY TWENTY PAST NINE the last showing of the big picture was already well into its stride. Amanda Robinson slammed down the glass panel over the box office window to keep out the draught, for one of the heavy outer doors was propped open to invite the late customers.

But no customers came. It was not raining, there was not much wind, and the air in the dark, deserted streets was not even very cold; no one was likely to pay the price of two back seats for a comfortable courting spot on a mild night like this, when a deep doorway would do every bit as well.

Amanda went on knitting for ten minutes more, just for luck. Her large, mild, contemplative blue eyes dwelt placidly on the dark street through the double screen of glass. Hardly anyone about at this dead hour of the quietest night of the week.

Even Bill, her boy friend, was on duty Thursdays, and she had not the usual warm, companionable walk home to look forward to. All by herself here from soon after the beginning of the last full show, with nothing to look at but the cold, empty vestibule, with its Coming-Shortly posters, and the dark, silent street.

SHE began to push her spare needle into the ball of wool, and stow the matinée coat into her knitting bag. She might as well cash up, and put the money in the safe, and go and get her hat and coat on; there could be only about three-quarters of an hour of the Marines left to run.

There was the heroine now—that little brunette piece with the vast dark eyes, and the figure a little too good to be true; a husky, low voice coming through the curtains as a wordless thunder. About as much like an army nurse, thought Miss Robinson, as I am like Donald Duck! She could make the comparison with complacency, for she was well aware that she was a strapping redhead of twenty-five, as delectable as anything that ever came out of Hollywood, only with more sense.

The nearer door of the auditorium swung, and let out young Audrey, already wriggling into her coat. Tom Fennister would be waiting for her round the corner.

"I'm sneaking off," she said, pushing her torch into the box office window. "There won't be any more stragglers now."

She said it as if it were the first time, although everyone on the staff knew very well that she and Grace took it in turns to make off half an hour early on the slack nights.

"Okay," said Amanda. "I was just going to cash up, and get ready for off, myself. I can't stand Thursdays." She was groping among the

"Turn round," the voice said. "And no tricks—this gun ain't for fun." Amanda turned calmly and faced him. "Okay," she said. "What now?"

money with a desultory hand. "Too damned dull!"

"Cheer up!" said Audrey. "Soon be dead!" She slipped through the open door, and darted off to her date blithely.

In the returning silence, against which the distant booming of the irresistible U.S. Marines bounced dully and left no mark, Amanda counted the money, snapped rubber rings round the notes, and slid the silver into bags, ready for the safe.

She banked twice a week for the brothers Benton, who owned the Regent; on Monday the weekend takings were carried to the bank, on Friday the money from the remaining four nights of the week, which usually added up to slightly less. The little cinema did a steady business, and had a pretty decent set of regulars, really. Taking it all round, they had about as much trouble as they had excitement, thought Amanda, shoving in the tops of silver bags with a creamy thumb. Occasionally somebody felt impelled to break a seat or two; occasionally a bold local lad made a nuisance of himself hanging round the honey of Amanda's own luscious person, deceived by the mildness of her eye, and had to be smacked down quite hard before he found out how far he could go with his one-and-sixpenny ticket.

That was about all that ever happened, and it had become so much a part of the routine that she could deal with it with one hand, and almost keep on knitting with the other while she did it.

She drew up the strings at the neck of the blue canvas bank bag. The thick folds of the curtain inside the deserted auditorium doorway were quivering suddenly as she looked up; Audrey must have left the door ajar in her haste. Still, the back rows would never notice a little thing like a draught; they'd be too preoccupied by this time in the evening.

Beyond the narrow door marked "Private," close beside her birdcage of a box, there was nothing but a bare little office with a stairway going up to the projection room and a second door out on to the concrete yard. The paint was peeling off the wall with damp, and the small, high window, shadowed by the iron stairs, let very little light in or out. There was nothing much there except a table and a chair, a telephone, a flyblown calendar, a few old bills on the wall, and a safe. Jim Benton's battered trilby and grey raincoat hung on one of the pegs inside the door, and his briefcase sagged open against the wall.

AMANDA dumped the bag on the floor and had to bend to open the safe. There was only just over £49 in the bag, but £35 of that was in silver, and it weighed heavily. The thunder of the U.S. Marines' last assault sounded deafeningly here; the voice that spoke suddenly behind her, just as the door of the safe swung to her hand, was almost lost in the din, and it was rather as if her senses, detecting a discrepancy, went back over the sounds they had just heard, and detached this one arduously for more exact inspection.

"Stay right where you are," the voice had said, "and keep your mouth shut! One yell, and I'll plug you!"

Amanda did not yell, less by reason of this threat than because she was not in the habit of yelling, and it would have required quite an effort on her part to do so now. She was no braver than most people, but perhaps long acquaintance with films had made her more sceptical.

"Turn round," said the voice, breathless and low, and in a furious hurry, "and let's have your hands where I can see 'em. Leave the safe open; I want the lot! No tricks—this gun ain't for fun!"

Miss Robinson straightened up with the greatest deliberation, because he sounded the excitable kind who might react badly to a sudden movement. She faced him thoughtfully. There was a gun, all right, no doubt about that. He had it in his right hand, so tightly that his knuckles showed white, and it was trained with fair efficiency upon her, dead centre. Only a little gun, and there was something about the way his hand strained upon it that made her wonder if he'd ever pointed it at anything except a mirror before.

"Okay!" said Amanda amiably. "I'm not yelling. I've got nothing up my sleeve. Now what?"

Weedy specimen, she thought, but they often are. That's what makes the gun necessary, I suppose. She stared at him with belated astonishment, to think that this was happening to her. A young fellow, only a boy, really. Not quite as tall as she was, and probably half a stone lighter, a skinny lad in a crumpled mackintosh, with a soft grey hat pulled low down over his brows to shade his face. He kept swallowing to relieve the dryness of his throat, and his gawky young adam's-apple went up and down like a celluloid ball in a shooting gallery.

SHE could see a pair of dark eyes glowering at her savagely from the shade of his hat-brim, and a pale face with a nervous tremor in the cheek, and a thin jaw set so hard she wondered it didn't break with the pressure.

"Pick up that bag," he said, giving the gun a little jerk towards her, to remind her of the consequences of disobedience, "and put it here in the middle of the table."

He had pushed the door to behind him when he followed her in, without quite closing it, and now he kept the table between them as she advanced. She had picked up the bag by the drawn-up top, deliberately letting it hang to its full length; and the swing of its weight, plying to her step, filled her with pleased speculation.

She was angry now, and her anger, mild and occasional though it was, was something her younger brothers respected and, except for a sufficient cause, avoided; but maybe this young man had no elder sisters.

His imperious jerk of the head, intended to scare her into haste, merely let her see, as the light reached his forehead and upper lip for an instant, that he was sweating with tension.

"On the table! Then get the rest from the safe. Don't try anything clever—this thing might go off!" His snarl was getting a little shrill, but the taut right hand did not waver.

Whether he would have considered Miss Robinson's eventual tactics as falling within the category of "anything clever" was something she never remembered to ask him. She put her other hand to the neck of the bag, and heaved the thing back as if to swing it up and set it on the table before him; but at the rising swing she let it go full at his middle, with all its considerable weight, and dropped to the floor under the shelter of the table.

The rest was confusion by any but feminine rules. She writhed forward under the table like a lizard, took him by the ankles and pulled his feet from under him; and, plunging for his right hand, was gratified to find it already empty. The too-brittle grip had broken at the first shock, and though she had a distinct impression that the gun had gone off at the same moment it had certainly done her no damage. She had never felt in better condition for knocking the stuffing out of a cheeky kid who had grown too big for his boots.

The seams of the bag had burst. There were small bags of silver all over the floor, and when she rolled on them they hurt. The table, moreover, got in her way. She backed out from under it, and, seizing the thin, flailing legs, hauled the enemy out after her and fell upon him in the open.

There was hardly any fight left in him. It wasn't only that he had lost his gun, but also that the bag of money had caught him in the

She looked at the boy's damaged face. "How

wind and doubled him up, gasping for breath. He was more concerned with folding his thin gloved fists into his middle than with using them on her. He tried to push her off, but at every attempt to straighten himself he collapsed again, retching miserably, and she found herself smacking away purposefully at ears and cheeks which he could only try to protect with one feebly raised arm.

BECAUSE she was tired, she stopped hitting him at last, and as soon as she had stopped she became aware that his resistance had ceased some minutes previously. It made her feel unaccountably mean, but she had no time to indulge the fancy.

She scrambled up and plunged upon the gun, which lay on the floor against the wall. Then she unhooked the telephone from its bracket and dialled the operator.

"Emergency, police! That's what I said. . . . Hallo! Regent Cinema here. Come round

old are you, David?" she asked him. With a painful gulp he muttered: "Seventeen last month"

quickly, we've had an attempted stick-up. No, nothing taken—yes, everybody's all right. Okay, we'll be waiting for you in the office." She hung up; they could hear all about it when they came. It was wrapped up ready for them.

She had leisure at last to take a fair look at the little gunman. He had dragged himself to a sitting position, curled painfully over his doubled fists, still heaving and gulping for air, his thin chest pumping frantically. His hat was in a corner and she could see him better now—a miserable little figure with disordered brown hair, cheeks angrily marked from her blows and the makings of a fine black eye. He had pulled out a grimy handkerchief and was snuffling into it, mopping his bleeding nose. He looked, in his stillness and defeat, exactly as her youngest brother used to look after starting a roughhouse and getting the worst of it; just at the point where his giggling got mixed up with a sudden struggle to keep back tears.

Her recollection was altogether too apt; the kid *was* crying. Not very obtrusively, rather sneaking his sobs into the handkerchief under pretence of tending his nose, but she could see the rapid flutter of his lashes as he blinked to clear the tears from his eyes. What with trying to swallow the congestion in his throat, and trying to gulp enough air into his lungs to steady his breathing, he was a great deal too busy to indulge in conversation.

This was a pity, because Amanda was just beginning to feel talkative.

"Tell me the truth," she said suddenly. "Did you ever do anything like this before?"

The woebegone head shook silently.

"I thought not. All that stuff about plugging people! Is this thing even loaded?" she asked disgustedly.

A nod this time. The agitated lashes began to leak a little, and he had to use the handkerchief on his eyes, an admission of weakness which redoubled his difficulties. He was getting smaller all the time. He couldn't be more than seventeen, surely. His bent neck had the babyish look of being too slender to carry the weight of his head; his forehead still had its immature roundness, and was blotched here and there with adolescent pimples. His green socks were wrinkled down over his dusty shoes, and there were several inches of leg showing, thin and white as a little boy's.

"I suppose you thought it would be easy picking up this lot, with only me around." She looked from the safe to the money scattered on the floor. "You've been seeing too many films. Lucky for you somebody wasn't killed. What can you expect but trouble, when you go round holding people up with guns?"

His shoulders began to shake; he began to shake all over.

"Have you got a father and mother?"

Another nod, almost overwhelmed within the handkerchief.

"I *had* to call the police," she told him. "This stuff isn't mine even if I'd felt like letting you go. And anyhow, it's done now. There's the gun to account for, and the bullet. You don't think they're going to miss that?"

He lifted his head just enough to train one inflamed dark eye upon her, and waited in an agonized quietness. The blood was trickling down his lip again, unnoticed.

Borstal, she thought, or maybe prison straight away, because of the gun; they're getting very tough on boys who run around with guns, and quite right, too.

"Anyway, if I let you go off this time, you'd only pull the same game again, on somebody who couldn't deal with you so well. Not that you'll ever make much of a go of it," she added candidly.

"I wouldn't! I swear I wouldn't! Oh, *please*!—if only you would let me go! You could say that I'd got away from you. You didn't tell them about me—" He hadn't much voice, but he was making use of what he had at last. He shone bright scarlet with eagerness and terror. "I swear I'll never do anything like this again, honest I won't!"

It was at that moment that Amanda heard someone walking in the projection room. It could only be Jim Benton, and in less than one minute he would be in the room with them. The boy heard him, too, and scrambled to his feet, trembling.

Miss Robinson made her decision, and having made it, leaped with characteristic aplomb to act on it. She took the boy by the shoulders, and plumped him down into the only chair the room afforded. No good letting him run for it; that would be making only half a job of it. What was more, he hadn't had half what he deserved yet, and he might forget it too easily.

"You keep your mouth shut," she said rapidly in his ear. "I'll do the talking." And, while he sat staring at her, too terrified to move, she thrust the revolver deep into the pocket of her skirt, and muffled its outlines behind her handkerchief. By the time Jim Benton came down the stairs, she had the astonished boy leaning back into her arm, with his damaged nose pointing skywards, and was mopping the trickles of blood from his nostrils.

"Now don't move," she said tenderly. "It's all right, it's my boss. The police will be here soon now, they're sure to get him. Don't worry about anything now."

Jim Benton gaped from the doorway upon his money. "What the hell goes on here?"

Miss Robinson turned an agitated face upon him, and talked as volubly as she had promised. "Oh, Mr. Benton, I'm so glad you're here! We've had an armed robbery! A man with a gun tried to hold me up and grab all the cash, but he didn't get anything. We haven't had time to pick it up again, but it's all there. If it hadn't been for this boy, he'd have got away

Continued on page 39

Owen Roberts crosses the sound barrier for miracles

by RONALD W. CLARK

As a scientist, he seeks new uses for the "silent noise" that kills insects, drills teeth, and mellows whisky before its time

IN A SURREY RESEARCH LABORATORY five scientists watched the contents of a whisky bottle ebb and flow between two glass tanks through a four-inch long tube and across what looked like a wooden box. After half an hour the movement was stopped and a greying little man came forward with a glass. A professional whisky-taster, he drew off some of the whisky, rolled it round his mouth and prepared to give his verdict.

The whisky had gone into the test tanks absolutely raw. "In that half-hour," says Owen Roberts, an electronics engineer of thirty-seven with horn-rimmed spectacles and an academic air, "it had been 'aged' years. By passing about 20,000 ultrasonic vibrations through it every second, we had speeded up the process."

In fact, the taster noticed the difference between the normally matured drink and the ultrasonically hastened sample. Roberts and his research colleagues estimated that about three-quarters of the ageing process had been carried through and, suspecting that the complete process might have something to do with maturing in wood, they began another experiment. This time they passed wood chips into the whisky while it was going through the transducer between the two tanks. "So far," Roberts admits, "we haven't been able to get the flavour of that elusive last year or so by ultrasonic methods."

Although ultrasonics as yet gives no short alternative to the ageing process, the science of "silent noise" is being used for mixing such liquids as oil and water; welding and soldering difficult metals; ship navigation and the detection of fish—or submarines. It is being applied in medicine for the relief of sciatica, lumbago and arthritis. One British firm exported ultrasonic gear worth nearly £500,000 last year—half of it in whale-fishing equipment and the rest in echo-sounding fishing kit. A dozen other companies are budgeting heavily for research.

Roberts, who is concerned with the many general applications of ultrasonics—sound waves that vibrate too fast for the human ear to register—has lately had more than one drink problem in the laboratory at the Mullard works at Redhill. Besides whisky, he has used rum and red Bordeaux wine in ageing tests, and not long ago he started trials with fruit cordials.

A soft drinks manufacturer with whom he was discussing the industrial uses of ultrasonics mentioned that some cordials lost their deep fruity colours after being left standing a short time. "Now," says Roberts, "we are trying to get the fruit fibres to stay in suspension indefinitely instead of sinking in the bottle."

Ultrasonics scientists have experimented for some time to establish the killing powers at their command. Insects have been blown apart without any explosion, and Roberts is using cider, which in certain conditions favours the multiplication of bacteria, as a test liquid to see how long germs can be kept down ultrasonically. He has also worked on the ultrasonic sterilization of milk: in the process, however, the taste has invariably changed—why, nobody yet knows.

Producing ultrasonic vibrations, says Roberts, is easy. "We use sirens and whistles. It's when we work in solids or liquids that the greater complications arise." In such cases two principal methods are used: a magnetostrictive metal which changes its length in a magnetic field is applied for producing the lower frequencies, and a piezo-electrical crystal for the higher ones.

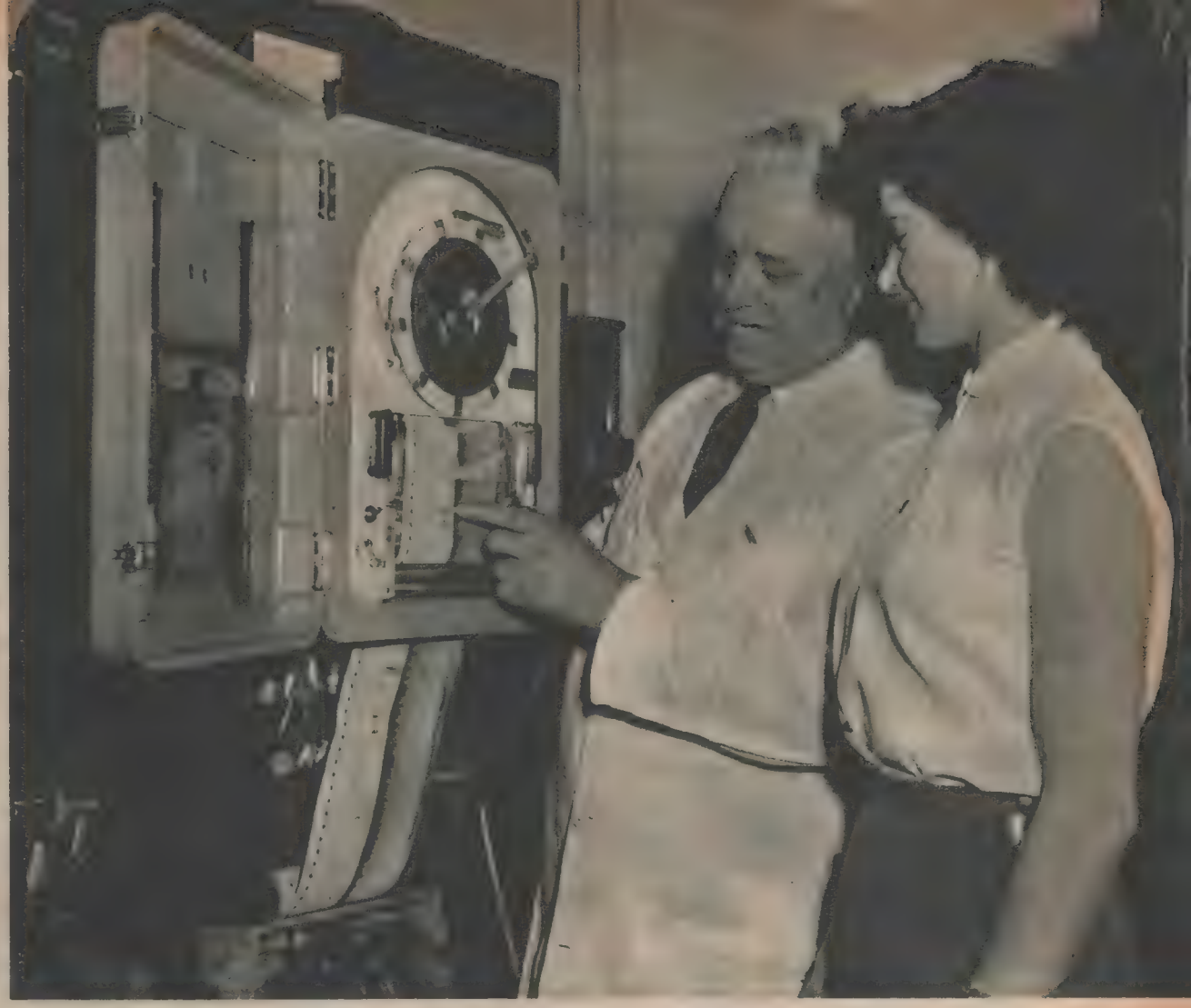
To illustrate the speed involved, Roberts

With a drill vibrating 20,000 times a second,

Ultrasonic signature of a shoal of pilchards. Echo-sounding devices help fishermen to locate—and name—fish. Pilchards show a dense, compact trace on the recording paper

Sprats leave comet-like marks on the paper. Experts are extending echo-sounding to the hunt for whales

Roberts uses ultrasonics to bore through metal



Engineer Bill Stephens shows Marjorie Day, his secretary, a shoal of fish on an echo-sounder

recalls how he and his colleagues at Redhill have drilled holes in the hardest metals known to man. Instead of revolving, the "drill" goes up and down about 20,000 times a second. Not long ago, when Roberts was demonstrating the drill's possibilities to a group of visitors from industrial firms, he mentioned that it was possible in ultrasonics to drill around corners. As a result, he recalls, some people turned up later with oddly shaped bottles which they wanted drilling—for conversion into table-lamps.

Visitors to Roberts's laboratory often see human teeth on one of the benches. Roberts points out a number of minute holes in each tooth and explains: "This is ultrasonic tooth-drilling, which may mean the end of the methods used by dentists today." According to some doctors, the most painful part of a tooth-filling operation is caused by the drill's vibrations. "By using ultrasonic drills, working at 20,000 and more vibrations a second," says Roberts, "it might become relatively painless."

The theory of ultrasonics has been familiar for years, but it took the engineering developments of the war to produce the instruments that give "silent" sound waves their great intensity. Scientists on war work found that such vibrations brought unexpected results. When microscopic hairline cracks began to appear in the armour-plating of some British tanks, government scientists were called in. They found that they could locate the cracks by transmitting an ultrasonic sound pulse into the metal and then examining the echoes sent back.

Finding Dangerous Flaws

"From those early tests," says William Halliday, now the senior research scientist with Kelvin and Hughes, one of the leading makers of echo-sounding equipment in Britain, "was developed the present-day ultrasonic flaw-detector which shows exactly where a weakness is developing in a metal—before it goes too far."

Portable ultrasonic detectors were used just after the war in the building of the Abbey Steel Works in South Wales. Technicians clambered along steel girders to test ten thousand feet of welded seams. On another occasion, shortly after a severe boiler explosion in the British Electricity Authority's plant at York, the board decided to test all boilers ultrasonically in future to find weaknesses invisible to the naked eye.

Bill Stephens, a burly sixty-three year old service manager with the firm with which Halliday works as chief technical adviser, once set out in a salvage vessel called the Ophir, to test echo-sounders he had fitted to the ship. Several other devices had been used without result. Stephens was on the bridge as the Ophir made her first run across a search area a few hours out from Milford Haven.

Huge Mass On Ocean Bed

Expectantly he watched the electrical pen on the sounder's chart as it traced out the contour of the sea-bed from the sound signals reflected from below. Suddenly the pen moved upwards and recorded the outline of a mass more than six hundred feet in length and rising about eighty feet above the ocean bottom. The Ophir's skipper ordered the vessel back over its course and then tracked back and forth nine times. Each run produced the same tracing on the chart.

"There was no doubt about it," recalls Stephens. "We had found the Lusitania."

The underwater part of the echo-sounding gear is usually fitted in a ship's double-bottom tanks under the cargo holds—"unpleasant places," Stephens remarks. In one Portuguese fishing vessel the equipment was fitted next to the refrigeration plant, and a leak developed in a gas container used for the cooling mixture. Several of the echo-sounder installation men had to be dragged from the hold—unconscious.

During the war, torpedo boats which could not be equipped with radar were supplied with a special type of echo-sounder. "Only afterwards," Stephens tells, "did we find out they were sent on a special mission, very hush-hush, to collect ball-bearings from Sweden." Other ships going to Scandinavia in wartime, such as the "Shetland Bus" which brought Norwegians to Britain, had echo-sounders aboard. Ultrasonic gear was also used extensively during sea surveys of Hitler's West Wall before the D-Day landings in Normandy and for the laying of Pluto, the invasion fuel-pipeline.

After the war, British Overseas Airways Corporation decided to survey parts of the Zambesi River to find a stretch safe enough for the landing of flying-boats. "The gear detected obstructions where no rocks had any business to be," recalls Bill Stephens. "Closer inspection showed that they were not rocks—but hippopotami."

Some years ago, Stephens and a crew of other ultrasonics experts boarded a barge moored off Burnham-on-Crouch. A number of substantial objects made of basketwork covered with rubber tubing were released and local inhabitants, according to Stephens, assumed they had something to do with secret Admiralty work. "The fact was that we were testing out new devices for whale-finding—somewhat like our fish-location equipment. We had picked up sprats off Brightlingsea, and thought we could do the same for the big fish."

Whales Hear Echo Beam

After more than three years' experiments, an echo-whale-finder was developed and has now been put into a number of vessels belonging to many nations. Whales can be picked up some miles away during their under-surface swims between ascents for "blows." There is evidence that the mammals hear the ultrasonic beam as a dog hears a whistle pitched too high for man's ears. Some time ago a whaler's captain reported that whales had run away in an effort to evade the hunters. Other similar stories have since been told.

Not long ago, when Owen Roberts's colleagues succeeded in cleaning delicate glass lenses by ultrasonic methods and in taking the "smokiness" out of smoke, they got an immediate inquiry from a big firm in London. "The firm wanted to know if we could take the scales off fish by the same methods," says Roberts. "We could, but it would be quite uneconomic." THE END

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Burton and Olivia de Havilland in *My Cousin Rachel.* "I shudder to think of the fame descending on your poor head," said Olivia

Shakespeare holds more for Burton than a big film contract. At Stratford, he played Henry V, with Harry Andrews as Henry IV

Star with the Midas touch turns Hollywood down

by NORMAN PHILLIPS

Richard Burton can't help making money. The shilling-a-week paper boy became the actor who calmly spurns £350,000 contracts. "Hollywood?" he says. "I can't take it seriously"

HUMPHREY BOGART WAS having a party. Cole Porter strummed the piano and Jack Buchanan's nimble feet began to tap. Bogart turned to a young Welshman named Richard Walter Jenkins and told him, "Spout some Shakespeare, kid."

As the rolling Shakespearian phrases began to flow from the Welshman's full, petulant lips, Cole Porter improvised an accompaniment and Buchanan swept into a dance. In the early hours of one morning last January, Bogart sat fascinated by this strange combination of a brilliant American composer, a famous English musical comedy star and a rising Welsh actor.

Next morning the actor, who performs under the name of Richard Burton, received a telephone call. "You know that act you did at Bogy's?" said the caller. "I can get you 17,500 dollars a week for six weeks doing just that Shakespeare stuff." Burton made a quick calculation translating the 17,500 dollars into roughly £6,250, and politely turned down the offer without further hesitation. The boy with the Midas touch, who earned his first half-guinea in the boxing ring at Port Talbot's Riding School, scarcely ever gets excited now by the prospect of earning fantastic sums of money.

This year, Burton, whose Hollywood price is £35,700 a picture, has turned down a £357,000 ten-year contract for ten films and declined a bid of £125,000 to make a single movie. He rejected these astronomical fees in favour of £45 a week from the Old Vic to play Hamlet at the Edinburgh Festival and in London.

"In Hollywood," Burton says in a matter-of-fact way, "they call me 'hot.' I am offered more money than at one time I knew existed. They can't understand why I turn it down."

Burton's reasons for resisting Hollywood gold are relatively simple. He wants it in larger helpings under more advantageous conditions. Although the Welshman has a serious sense of professional responsibility, his conduct is also governed by a natural talent for mental arithmetic. He calculates that from the total of £82,000 Hollywood has paid him in the past year, taxation left him a mere £6,000.

Accumulation of money is not Burton's main preoccupation, and this accounts for his presence at the Old Vic. One day in January, Michael Benthall, the company's new director, with the aid of the transatlantic telephone, whispered the magic words, "Would you like to play Hamlet?" into Burton's ear.

"When do you want me?" asked the actor.

The Old Vic's modest fees are, of course, more comprehensible to Burton's friends and family in Port Talbot and Pontrhydyfen. The actor's seventy-eight year old father, a retired miner, has yet to see his son on the stage or screen—a fact Burton ascribes facetiously to the presence of forty-two public houses between the family home and the nearest cinema. "Just try," says

In *Green Grow The Rushes*, one of Burton's first films, he appeared with Honor Blackman. His latest part is Marcellus, in *The Robe*—a rôle he got after beating keen Hollywood competition

Burton irreverently, "to get my father past forty-two pubs."

Burton was born at Pontrhydyfen twenty-seven years ago, the youngest of a family of thirteen, of whom eleven are still living. His mother died when he was two, and young Richie was brought up by his married sister, Mrs. Cissie James. At seven the boy began earning a shilling a week delivering newspapers. Later he discovered that he could increase this by a few pennies through collecting the papers from his customers at the end of the week and selling them to the fish and chip shop.

Delivering papers was scarcely the road to riches, and it was not until he was eighteen that Burton began to realize that he had a magic touch. "Until then," he says, "my main ambition was to get out of my valley. I thought the easiest way would be professional football or professional fighting."

Broke His Nose In Fight

His first fight earned him half a guinea. The second was his last professional engagement. Burton left the ring with a broken nose and the loser's purse of five shillings. The nose was broken once again, in a Winnipeg free-for-all. Luckily, the second break had the effect of straightening out the damage done by the first.

While he was still thinking of professional sport as a career, the boy was getting a grounding in acting. His English master at Port Talbot grammar school was Philip Burton, who has since become a successful actor and script writer. The English master coached young Richie, helped him to get a scholarship to Oxford, and gave him the stage name of Burton so that he would not be typed as a Welshman by using his own name of Richard Jenkins.

Just after Richard's eighteenth birthday, Emlyn Williams advertised in a Cardiff newspaper for a Welsh-speaking actor to appear in a new Williams play, *The Druid's Rest*. A queue of hopeful young men formed for an audition conducted by Daphne Rye, the casting director for a large London theatre management. One look into Burton's blue-green eyes convinced Miss Rye. She did not even ask Burton to read a line before hiring him at £10 a week.

The Druid's Rest gave Burton a London début, put him on the payroll of an important producer and gained him the sponsorship of Emlyn Williams. Without the benefit of dramatic school training or repertory experience, Burton was on the way. However, his mentors decided that it would be best for him to take up his scholarship at Oxford before going into the Services. Burton went to Oxford, but spent more time with the university dramatic society than at his studies. He also joined the University Air Squadron under the inducement of earning 7s. 3d. a day when he went into the R.A.F., as opposed to 4s. 3d. in the army.

According to one of his air force friends, Burton and the R.A.F. did not see eye to eye on such details as discipline. Sent to Canada to train as a navigator, Burton used his last leave there for an expedition to New York, which he financed by singing Welsh ballads in bars. He returned from this jaunt two weeks later than the R.A.F. had planned, and spent the following fortnight peeling potatoes and carrots. Part of the sentence was carried out during the return trip to England, which Burton enlivened by developing a kitchen cricket game using walking sticks and carrots.

Burton Touch Brought Job

At the end of 1947 he was demobbed at Preston. Taking an overnight train home to Wales, he found that he had four hours to spare in London. With time on his hands Burton called on Daphne Rye's boss, Hugh Beaumont, and announced that he was ready to take up acting again. The Burton touch still worked. He walked out of Beaumont's office with a year's contract at £10 a week—and a small part.

It did not take the well-sponsored young Welshman long to graduate from one-line walk-on parts. In his first year out of the R.A.F., Burton appeared in three plays and two films. His first movie part was a rôle written for him by Emlyn Williams into *The Last Days Of Dolwyn*. While making this picture he met an actress on the set named Sybil Williams, and within two weeks persuaded her to marry him. The wedding was witnessed by the late Sid Field, with whom the bride was appearing in *Harvey*, and by Daphne Rye, who had just cast Burton with John Gielgud in *The Lady's Not For Burning*. The ceremony took place on the morning of February 5, 1949, with a wedding breakfast at Miss Rye's flat. The bride left for a matinée, and the groom stayed to listen to the Rugby International between Wales and Scotland. Wales lost.

Gielgud took Burton to New York with him in *The Lady's Not For Burning*. The engagement saved the Welshman from making his Broadway début as Romeo to Olivia de Havilland's Juliet, an ill-fated venture for Miss de Havilland. Her urge to have Burton as her leading man was finally satisfied last year, when he played opposite her in the Hollywood production of *My Cousin Rachel*.

Hollywood Calls Him 'Hot'

"I shudder," said Miss de Havilland, "I actually shudder to think of the fame descending on your poor handsome head when the women see you in this."

Fame descended. "The big push on Richard Burton has changed his hat size," announced the *Hollywood Reporter*. Burton, who is no novice at publicity, retaliated by calling up the columnist who made this announcement. The outcome was another report: "We once accused Burton of having a swollen head. He admitted yesterday it's true, since he went home the day the item appeared here, measured his head, found it has increased from 6⅞ to 6¼."

It was early this year that Burton achieved the Hollywood accolade of "hot." Important parts were offered him, hostesses bid for his presence at parties, and fans began tearing buttons from his clothes. Loss of the buttons made little difference to the actor's appearance, as he cares little for style or fit.

As a "hot" actor, Burton was expected to contend for important parts. Early this year a plum Hollywood rôle was that of Marcellus in *The Robe*, a semi-biblical extravaganza being produced under the auspices of Spyros P. Skouras, the film magnate. Burton competed for the part with such effect that a local writer reported: "Richard Burton has told everyone but Pontius Pilate that he wants to be Marcellus in *The Robe*." The "hot" young man from Pontrhydyfen got the part.

The Robe was made with the process known as Cinemascope, for showing with a curved screen and a battery of loudspeakers—a process offered by Skouras as the cinema's answer to TV. Not long ago, with loud fanfares, he presented a preview of the new process to British film-makers. Among the scenes were shots of Richard Burton as the Roman soldier Marcellus, and in the audience was Burton himself.

Few Qualms About Films

After Skouras had described the advantages of this new method of film-making, the irreverent Burton buttonholed the Hollywood magnate in the lobby. "Say, Spyros," said the actor, "do you *really* think Cinemascope is any good?"

In fact, Burton has few qualms about the film industry's future or his own ability to earn large sums of money in it. He will probably go back to Hollywood early next year after his season at the Old Vic. In the meantime, patrons of the B.B.C. Television service are seeing how easily money comes rolling in for Richard Burton.

Viewers have been watching Burton, James Mason and his wife Pamela Kellino in a series of filmed readings featuring Mason. For his share in these ten-minute Hollywood productions, Burton received the tidy little sum of £5,357.

"Fantastic, isn't it?" says the boy from Wales. "Is it any wonder I find it hard to take Hollywood seriously?"

THE END

THE ANTELOPE BOY

by JOHN KRUSE

ILLUSTRATED BY FORSTER

He had been left as a baby in the mountains and the wild animals had nurtured him. Now the great hunt was on. What kind of a creature was this animal-boy?

IT WAS THE FIFTH DAY of the hunt. The old man stood on top of the razorback and watched them fix the net. It was a fishing net and it had come up yesterday from Venice by auto-train, by *Volkswagen,* and finally from the tree-line by mule. They were fixing it across a bottle-neck canyon six thousand feet up, stapling one side of it fast to the limestone floor with climbing nails, leaving the other side free so that with a jerk on the ropes the two men hidden up the canyon walls could erect it impassably.

Colonnello "Big Lion" Scalinati was in charge, strutting about with short-legged, short-necked dynamism. Like a rhinoceros, the old man thought, with his lipless, beaked mouth and hot little eyes, and wearing—if the papers were to be believed—the same peaked forage-cap and bush-shirt he had worn at Keren, Eritrea.

Scalinati had spent most of his life making traps of one sort or another, and they were usually successful. The one at Keren had misfired a little when the British had turned his flank and driven him into the fixed lines of his own machine-guns; but the others had been good traps and he had caught a great many elephants and cats, a few kudu, an okapi, and the largest lion ever to be seen in Europe.

So it was that the old man standing in his canvas smock, which was big and loose like a diving-suit, saw this new development of the net with misgiving. It was simple—too simple. Simple things, he knew, had a way of working out. It was set too low—the chamois, the wild mountain antelope, would not come down this far in summer—and it was too far east. But he did not underestimate Scalinati. He had learned never to underestimate two things—mountains and men—and this man had the backing of a powerful newspaper.

HE listened to him ripping out orders to the twenty-odd peasants he had brought up with him from Spera, as if they had been so many Somalis or Abyssinians or Afars; saw the groups of journalists smoking and talking and swinging their cameras loosely by the handles, and his misgivings increased.

He made a promise then, under his breath: "They shall not catch you, little one. Not while old Hansa has the strength or the cunning to stop them."

When the net was ready, Scalinati called the peasants in around him, and the journalists gathered close to hear what he had to say.

"You all know what you have to do," Scalinati said, holding his forefinger and thumb together and making an arc with his upturned palm. His voice was funnelled up to the old man quite clearly by the canyon. "You are to move through the mountains well spread out until you

"Well, if it isn't the Old Man of the Mountains himself!" someone cried, and Hansa turned. He remembered that cynical voice, that gross body

locate the chamois. Then you are to turn them and drive them towards the net."

"But, *Signor Colonnello—*" It was the guide. "We should need a hundred men."

"I know quite well what we need; but first we try with what we've got. If that fails I'll send to Bolzano for more. Now get on with it."

The old man watched the peasants moving up through the difficult country until they were hidden from him and he could hear only the echo of their boots.

He doubted very much whether they would find, let alone round up, the chamois, but it was as well to be careful. He would get to them first.

He tested the breeze on the tip of his tongue and looked at the sun. Then he moved down off the ridge and headed north-west.

The track he followed overlooked a valley which, at this time of the year, was parched and silent. All around, slender peaks thrust cockscombs of sunlight into the dark upper air. It was all sunlight and whiteness and it bit into the neck and burned up through the soles. The old man climbed steadily through it, hands behind his back, moving with a rhythm, head back, his eyes missing nothing.

He was a strange old man. He knew the Dolomite Mountains from the Brenner to the Monte Croce Pass, from Innichen to Feltre, every valley, every peak. He could have been the greatest guide of them all, greater even than Mosa or Hans Steiger. But he liked best to climb alone in the clean upper air, feeling the mountains about him, trying out new approaches and marking them for the other guides. He took out only enough parties in the year to keep himself alive.

His name was known wherever people climbed mountains. It was known even in Rome. The first thing Scalinati had done after checking in his bags at the new ski-hotel in Spera had been to pay him a visit.

"*Vecchio,*" he had begun, and Hansa had thought that this was rude. One might address a peasant so: "*Vecchio,*" "Old Man." But he was not a peasant, and he was not old; at sixty-five only one's skin was old.

But Scalinati had said: "*Vecchio,* I expect you've heard of me.. I'm up here on a research job for *Il Sole,* the newspaper. They suggested in Rome that I contact you; said you were pretty familiar with the mountain country. I'm going to need a guide."

Hansa had merely stared at him and said nothing.

Scalinati's eyes had flickered slightly and he had gone on: "It's about these rumours that have been trickling out of Spera for some time. The boy, you know."

Hansa had felt something cold open up inside him. "The boy?"

The colonel said slowly and distinctly: "Yes, *vecchio.* The boy."

THE old man was too dismayed to take offence at his tone. He sat quite still without saying anything.

"You must have heard of the boy," Scalinati said presently.

"No," Hansa had replied, knowing only that he must have time to think. "I know nothing of any boy. Nothing at all."

The colonel's hands had seemed to explode in the air. "*Porco Madonna!* The whole country is talking about it and you——"

Hansa had got up then and asked him please to leave. He was not going to be sworn at in his own living-room. He was not an Abyssinian.

And that had been that. Of course he had committed a tactical blunder; he knew that now. If he had taken on the job he might have been able to convince him that the boy didn't exist. But there it was. Scalinati had gone immediately to Alessandro, a tourist guide, and engaged him. They had gone up into the mountains together, and inside of forty-eight hours, by the Virgin knew what freak of chance, they had seen what they had seen.

Scalinati had come back down the ski-hoist into Spera like a cripple who has been to Lourdes; burst into the post office and scrawled out a wire to *Il Sole* that had taken an hour to transmit; had withdrawn his bags and guns from the hotel and sent them up by mule to a mountain *rifugio* which henceforth, he said, would be his base.

The next day a party of journalists had arrived on the afternoon coach, and the hunt was on.

The old man climbed steadily through the sun-drenched silence, frowning at the recollection. The air had the oven-smell of high summer, sharpened here and there with the stink of lichen.

There sat old Patagambara, the mountain, smoking his pipe of clouds. The chamois would be high today. When his pipe went out it meant wind and they would come down off the peaks and feed along the ledges, chewing delicately and listening; and the mountain voices would whisper messages into their hairy ears from afar.

OLD Hansa loved the chamois. They were his brothers up here close to God. Their hoof scratches showed him new trails, warned him of treacherous slides. They alone could hear the agony of the rock masses before they surrendered to the weight of the snow. They were his guides, and he loved them; and because he loved them he knew where he could find them now.

He climbed steadily, always towards the north-west, until after two hours he came to the Patanaccio, second in height only to the great Marmolada. Without resting, he climbed on. At the top, he pulled out his treasured Zeiss from the neck of his smock.

The view before him was like a Wagnerian backdrop. Peaks as slender as stalagmites dragon-toothed up out of shale valleys, stereoscopic in the thin air. In the distance there was snow, like crumpled paper, hurtlingly white, and the taste of it was in the air, like alcohol smeared on the skin.

They were there, just as he had known they would be; high on the rock wall opposite. They stood out clearly through the big Zeiss, chestnut-coloured, graceful, with their long legs and backward pointing horns, magically poised against the sheer rock, feeding on the herbs that grew from the crevices.

Hansa searched among them with his glasses, anxiously. Then he chuckled. "Little devil!" he muttered.

The boy was there. Almost at the summit, clinging like a monkey to the rock wall with his toes and fingers, reaching dangerously for a knot of herbs with his free hand. As Hansa watched, he plucked them and put them into his mouth; swung round and ran along the almost perpendicular limestone with a breathtakingly agile movement, his fingers and toes finding the cracks as he went.

"*Lentamente!*" breathed the old man. "Slowly!"

The boy found another cluster of herbs and stopped. Hansa sighed and shook his head; kept his glasses to his eyes.

The child was long-limbed and graceful and his naked body was tanned a deep sepia by the sun and wind, which made him difficult to see. He was turned now and Hansa could see the dark eyes constantly watching the valley, moving among the boulders and up the slopes opposite, alertly but without concentration. The face under its tangle of brown hair was nervous, satyr-like, with sharply flared nostrils and a mouth that chewed ruminatively without expression, stopping only when he listened.

Little chamois, Hansa thought. You are already growing up. You are already a young buck. He chuckled. He would be about nine, he supposed. It had been when the Germans were pulling out through the Brenner, that would be '45, when he had first spotted him

Terrified, pursued by the plane, the boy came hurtlin

through his glasses, and he had been a baby then —a human baby among a herd of chamois, naked and sprawling on a narrow ledge close under the snowline. Horrified, he had started up to rescue it, but the moment he had shown himself the creatures had fled, and when at last he had reached the ledge he realized that somehow they had taken the child with them.

HE could only guess how it had happened. An unwanted child, maybe, left to die on the mountainside. Or a refugee family trying to make Switzerland, the father and mother dying in the snow perhaps, or from a fall. There were many possibilities and always the aching udders of a bereaved doe to complete the story. It had happened before, he thought, and God was never far away when it happened.

After that he had not seen the herd again for three years and when he had, he had been amazed to see the child still with them, running and jumping fearlessly among the crags. He had not tried to interfere, then, but had lain and

g down towards him. Old Hansa was panic-stricken. "Not this way! Go back!" he yelled. But the boy didn't hear. He came on—straight for the net

watched. And after a while he had gone home and not said anything to anybody. He did not know why: some instinct compelled his silence.

At frequent intervals he went into the mountains alone to see that the child was all right, and to watch him. And in the winter months, at night, when the blizzards howled through the peaks above, he would worry about him, and wonder where he had found shelter. But always in spring the boy would be there with the herd, and he would be bigger and stronger than ever.

Now had come this Scalinati—this crudity. Hansa lowered the glasses, his insides empty, wondering what they would do to the boy if they caught him. Cage him like a beast probably and ship him by cattle-truck to Rome. There, there would be blazing cameras and crowds and the roar of the city to terrify him and, in the end, to break his heart. For a few days, a week, *Il Sole* would sell many copies with a series of articles by Colonnello "Big Lion" himself, telling How I Captured The Wild Boy.

And then? Hansa's simple mind baulked at the possibilities. He leaned his forehead against the glasses and spoke into the warm cave between his arms: "*Dio*, what can I do? Help me to know what to do."

If possibly I could catch him myself, he thought, and hide him somewhere till they go away. . . . In time he could probably have done this; but there was no time.

No, there was only one thing. It was futile; but there was nothing else. He stood up slowly till he was silhouetted against the sky and put his glasses to his eyes.

It surprised him how difficult it was to shout. There was something obscene always about breaking the silence of the mountains—like rape. His voice sounded rusty, grating through the valleys like a thousand opening doors.

The chamois jerked up their heads, ears pricked. The boy froze, staring up at the ridge.

The old man shouted again and waved his free arm. For an instant the boy stared full at him, so close through the glasses that he could see him discharge the air through his nostrils, stamp and gather in his hindquarters for the spring. Then Hansa dropped the glasses and began to yell at the top of his voice, waving both arms.

Of one accord the chamois dashed for the summit, flickering up the rock with long, scissor-like springs, the boy with them, leaping beautifully, the valleys all around taking up the cry.

For a long time after they had gone Hansa kept on shouting, pursuing them with his voice across the mountains. Only when he knew they were truly clear did he stop, sadly, and listen to the whisper of his own voice dying among the crags.

That night, instead of going back down to Spera, Hansa went to the *rifugio*. He did not like the idea of entering Scalinati's stronghold but he wanted to know what had happened and what they intended to do, and it was the only way to find out.

The *rifugio* was a long, three-storey building, six thousand feet up, at the head of a good track

Continued on page 40

ABOVE US THE WAVES (8) by Charles Warren and James Benson

'Lucky' Max makes a lone attack

Maxie Shean seemed ideal for the raid on the U-boat dock. He had courage, skill and that imponderable quality—luck. Nobody could possibly foresee the ironical trick it was to play on him

The last cut in the net is made and the severed wire falls forward. Clinging to the mesh, the diver anxiously watches the midget pass through

ILLUSTRATION BY EDWARD OSMOND

THE ATTACK BY SIX British midget submarines on the German battleships Tirpitz, Scharnhorst and Lützow took place in September, 1943. It was known as Operation Source and was, as far as Tirpitz was concerned, entirely successful. The great ship, seriously damaged by the explosion of eight tons of amatol under or near her, never took any part in the war as a fighting unit again. The cost to us, apart from lives lost in training, was nine men killed, six taken prisoner and the loss of all six submarines.

In the final count, such cost was negligible. Many valuable lessons had been learned both in the field of tactics and concerning design and equipment of new classes of craft. Above all, the hitting of the Tirpitz sent the morale of X-craft crews sky-high. The navigation through the North Norwegian Skerries into what was probably the most heavily defended anchorage anywhere at that time; the achievement of surprise; the sheer seamanship of the whole adventure—all these factors convinced the men of the "little boats" that nothing was beyond them and their craft.

It was all the more unfortunate, then, that this sanguine atmosphere was allowed to degenerate into one of anti-climax after the survivors of Operation Source returned to their base in Scotland. The reasons were penury of new craft—the next delivery of midgets was not expected for some months—and the lack of a suitable target.

"Cloak And Dagger" Weapons

It is possible also that the whole idea of midget submarines and human torpedoes (chariots) was not totally accepted in certain quarters of the higher planning staff. There was still a school of thought that regarded the operation of small submersibles as too dangerous. X-craft and chariots came, for some naval strategists, into the category of "cloak and dagger" weapons; it was held that there was something makeshift and almost amateur about them. The truth is that the men who served in midgets and rode human torpedoes were among some of the most highly trained technicians in the navy, and the operations they undertook were models of skilful planning.

Whatever the causes, the officers who believed in the possibilities of X-craft and chariots had no easy time in convincing the authorities of the value of these small submersibles. Thus, in the autumn of 1943, the midget submarine crews assembled in the training bases and depots in North Scotland found time hanging heavy on their hands.

Many volunteers were sent back to general service, exchanging the peculiarly personal and independent nature of small submarine work for the comparatively humdrum, day-to-day round that characterized duties in destroyers, frigates and corvettes. It appeared as if the prestige of the midgets, so dramatically heightened by the Tirpitz episode, was in decline; and there is no doubt that, for the men who had served in them, the winter of 1943 was one of some little discontent.

The picture changed early in 1944, when twelve new craft—X20 to 25 and XT1 to 6—were delivered to the flotilla. Better, almost, than the arrival of the boats, was the news that an operation was being planned. Its nature, as with everything that had to do with small submarines, was kept strictly secret. It was

called by the code name of Operation Guidance; its object was the destruction of the Laksevaag floating dock in the Norwegian port of Bergen. The dock, the largest anywhere available to the Germans, was known to be used by U-boats. It also supplied power to two other docks in the harbour; its destruction, therefore, would be a triple blow against enemy naval strength.

Unlike Operation Source, which had been undertaken by a multiple force of six X-craft, the attack on the Bergen dock was to be carried out by a single midget. This policy of "one craft, one target" was the most important tactical lesson learned from the Tirpitz exploit. Although Lieutenants Cameron and Place, with X6 and X7 respectively, had both attacked the battleship with success, the fact that X6 was sighted and engaged while X7 was still approaching gave the Germans a small but vital margin of time in which to take evasive action. The planners at the Admiralty came to the conclusion that a single craft would have a better chance of carrying out the sabotage unobserved. Events were to prove them right.

Briefed By Norwegian Agents

Briefing was very thorough indeed. There was information from Norwegian underground sources, and first-hand details about the dock and its approaches were supplied by three Norwegians, one of whom had worked on the dock installations before the German occupation. The harbour was known to be defended with all the apparatus of German naval efficiency—minefields, searchlights and patrol vessels transmitting on a round-the-clock asdic screen. Entry into Bergen was going to need a good crew—and a lot of luck.

The crew chosen was commanded by Lieutenant Max Shean. It could be said of "Maxie" Shean that he was the perfect midget submarine commander. An Australian, he had that physique of gangling wiriness typical of his nation. Courageous, of course, he had to be, but Shean's courage was complementary to a highly developed technical brain. He possessed that mysterious sympathy with machinery which was invaluable in a trade where life or death might—and often did—depend on an instant and infallible appraisal of mechanical failure. It was more than mere resource; it was a spontaneous counteraction against any of the thousand-and-one breakdowns to which the intricate equipment of a midget was prone.

Sixth Sense For Trouble

Shean seemed to know when a circuit was going to fail even before the failure was apparent. A glance at what looked to be a perfectly sound periscope-hoisting motor showed him some incipient weakness nobody else had spotted. In seamanship, without which all his technical virtuosity would have been for nothing, he held his own with the best. And with it all he was favoured with that other imponderable which makes good leaders into great ones—he was lucky. No one who sailed in boats with "Maxie" Shean ever imagined that anything could go seriously wrong. And very little ever did.

Lieutenant Shean's command was the X24. He had with him Sub-Lieutenant Joe Brooks as first lieutenant, Engine Room Artificer Coles as helmsman, and Sub-Lieutenant Frank Ogden as third officer. It was as formidable a team as ever took a midget to sea. The attack was to be made in April, and training for it began early in January.

This period of working up was marred by a fatal accident, an accident typical of the hazards peculiar to the operation of midget submarines. Because it was thought—in error—that the Germans had captured one of the X-craft used on the Tirpitz raid, and would conceivably riposte with similar thrusts against the Home Fleet, the Admiralty planned a series of mock attacks on the defences of Scapa Flow. These exercises were to be carried out by X22, a sister ship of X24.

Lieutenant Shean (left) sits on the casing of the submarine Sceptre. With him is Lieutenant McIntosh, captain of the Sceptre, which towed Shean's midget submarine to the target area

In command of X22 was Lieutenant B. M. McFarlane, one of the survivors of Operation Source. The tragedy occurred during a towing exercise. The big submarine Syrtis was towing McFarlane's craft when a gale blew up. Such conditions were essential for training, and the two craft continued on their way through a rapidly rising sea. All went well till a more than usually heavy wave washed the officer of the watch from the platform of Syrtis's conning tower. The submarine immediately went hard about to rescue the drowning man and, in doing so, rammed her small charge, which was pitching astern on the tow rope. The impact split X22 open and sent her to the bottom with the four members of her crew.

It was, therefore, Max Shean who carried out the test attacks on the Scapa defences. His success inspired both encouragement and alarm.

Routed Scapa Flow Defences

If Shean's ability to overcome every obstacle put in his way by the boom defence people augured well for the raid on Laksevaag Dock, it could have caused nothing but dismay to those responsible for the safety of the home anchorage. Any doubt persisting in some quarters about the midget's claim to be considered a formidable weapon of the underwater war must have been dissipated by the "sinking" of more than one of the navy's heavy units in Scapa Flow in the early spring of 1944. Shean's demonstration was decisive.

The penetration of harbour defences by a small submarine meant net cutting; and net cutting was perhaps the most dramatic of the duties a midget's crew had to undertake. It was considered so important that an expert diver was added to the original complement of the crew's three men soon after the organization of the flotilla began to take shape. Divers were almost exclusively young R.N.V.R. officers or senior regular ratings, and were, like all who took part in this dangerous trade, invariably volunteers. By the time Shean left Scotland for Bergen, net cutting in the flotilla had reached an astonishing peak of efficiency—a proof of what patience and instructional ability can do to make almost commonplace a very daunting job.

Inside Escape Compartment

As the nets are approached, the diver leaves the control-room and enters the "wet and dry"—or escape—compartment, closing the small circular door behind him. He is now in a box-like space scarcely more capacious than a normal cabin trunk. Already dressed in his diving-suit, with his oxygen supply connected, he must wait till the compartment floods. He puts out his hand to a valve by the control-room door and gives it half a turn. This valve, like all the "wet and dry" controls, is duplicated in the control-room, where one of the crew, watching for this sign that the diver is ready, turns the valve fully to let in the water from No. 2 main ballast tank. The man who is about to climb into the sea will need all his strength; even the exertion of turning a valve unnecessarily might make inroads on the meagre reserve of energy which too often meant the difference between death and salvation.

The pump has started and the water seeps in. The diver's first sensation is that of his rubber suit being pressed tightly against his legs. As soon as he can he plunges his hands into the dark and—most likely—freezing water, which rises slowly over knees, waist, chest, mouth and eyes. Soon it is over his head, and the waiting man knows that his steel box is almost flooded. One arm floats up to release the hatch above him. The clip slips clear. Slowly, the diver

Passage crew officer Sub-Lieutenant Britnell hoists the Jolly Roger on the midget submarine X24 to mark her "kill" on the Bergen raid

The operational crew of X24 stands on Sceptre's bridge during the journey to Bergen. Left to right: Joe Brooks, Max Shean, Vic Coles, Frank Ogden

rises, straining against the hatch. It gives, and he forces his head over the rim and into the sea. Now he looks aft through the circular window fitted in his facepiece. He knows that his skipper is standing by at the night periscope; he gives the watching man a signal, draws himself on to the midget's casing and closes the hatch. He is out.

The net is ahead, hard against the nose of the submarine. It is a web of wire rectangles, each three feet high and eighteen inches wide. The diver takes the heavy cutters from the forrard casing and crawls to the bows. He climbs through a convenient rectangle and pulls himself down the net, counting as he goes. Nine cuts are to be made in all, in the shape of an inverted V; the final one at the apex being at the midget's nose.

Cutting is easy, but the diver must keep his head. The cutters are heavy; sometimes they need two hands. If the diver had not got his arm through a still intact mesh he will, like a man who severs the branch of a tree from which he is suspended, go plunging down to the bottom, thus losing precious strength and time. Finally, the ninth cut is made; the flap of severed wire falls forward and the submarine, which has had its motor running ahead, passes slowly through. The diver, clinging to a mesh on one side, watches its passage anxiously, ready to clear any of the superstructure that might get fouled. At last the craft is clear. The diver restows his cutters and goes forrard to the hatch he had left perhaps forty-five minutes before.

Struggle To Close Hatch

The net is penetrated, but the worst has yet to come for the diver. Once back in the "wet and dry" compartment he must close the hatch; and it can be painfully difficult for a tired man to overcome the slightly greater resistance set up by the flooded compartment. Wedging his shoulder, he tugs at it grimly with all the strength the short leverage of his buckled arms can give. It is done at last, and the diver slumps down on his haunches once more. When he has regained enough breath, he turns the valve; the men on the other side see the signal. The pump starts and the water drains away. The level dwindles—too slowly—until it drops below the sill of the control-room door. The door opens and the imprisoned man is warmly welcomed. Someone removes his facepiece, and the stale air of the control-room replaces the over-rich oxygen in his lungs. It tastes infinitely good.

But net cutting did not always go according to plan and precept. In the intensive training before the Bergen attack, divers frequently became unconscious and were dragged up to the diving tender—and life—by others stationed on the nets for just such an emergency. A diver coming out of a faint might well think he has had a gruelling time, but mere "passing out" seldom impressed the flotilla's chief diving instructor, the monumental, teak-strong Jack Passey. Nine times out of ten, Passey simply handed the gasping man another set and urged him to the bottom once more. It was hard schooling, but it was to pay its dividends in lives saved and enemy shipping destroyed. Under waters all over the world, from the Mediterranean to the China Sea, more than one extenuated diver had cause to remember Passey's implacable "Down you go" with gratitude.

Into The Target Area

Operation Guidance began on April 9 when, at 10 a.m., X24 sailed from Loch Cairnbawn. In tow to the big submarine Sceptre, commanded by Lieutenant Ian McIntosh, the X24 was manned by Sub-Lieutenant Britnell and his two passage crew ratings, who were to hand her over to the operational crew in the Shetlands. The trip to the Shetlands was uneventful, and Max Shean and his men, having transferred from Sceptre, took over the midget at noon on the eleventh. In contrast to the hectic eight-day voyage in the open sea that had been necessary for the Tirpitz operation, the tow of X24 to within striking distance of Bergen was short and without incident. Shean was ready to proceed alone at 10.50 p.m. on the night of the thirteenth, when he was thirty-five miles from the target.

After slipping the tow, Sceptre headed for her planned position, a patrol line on which she was to await the return of her charge—if ever her charge returned. Only one midget in six had emerged from Alten Fjord after Operation Source, and Lieutenant McIntosh must have watched X24 slip into the night with mixed feelings. No big submarine commander liked this task of waiting for days for the hypothetical appearance of a craft whose fate he could not know, and whose chances of survival he could reckon only very small. In spite of that, the ungrateful job of "mothering" was carried out with uncomplaining loyalty and great skill. Max Shean, setting course for Bergen, knew that, were it humanly possible, Sceptre would be there, dead on her planned position, to bring him back alive. Such a conviction was an inestimable source of confidence.

The night was calm and dark. For several hours X24 proceeded at full speed on the surface, only reducing occasionally to four and a half knots when it was necessary to charge her batteries. After fifteen miles the midget was travelling along a wide fjord, having reached the long outer chain of islands that runs like a bar across the entrance to Bergen harbour. Shean's course was 140 degrees, and the first obstacle—an extensive minefield—was expected soon. It was encountered on schedule, and X24 crossed it without mishap.

At 1.15 a.m., a new and unexpected problem presented itself. A short distance ahead, and right on the craft's track, five searchlights were playing across the half-mile gap between two small islands—a gap through which X24 must pass if a long and time-wasting detour was to be avoided. Standing on the casing, Shean watched the lights flooding the sea; they looked bright enough to pick out a piece of floating orange peel. He could have dived, but diving at that moment would have been inconvenient, a battery charge being "on." Diving, too, would have greatly cut down speed, and Shean wished to be as far up the fjord as possible before first light.

Slipped Through Searchlights

He took a bold decision. Lowering the induction trunk to its housed position, Shean lay flat on the casing and allowed the craft to proceed ahead on the surface. Very soon she nosed out of the darkness and slid into the lake of light. Shean held his breath. His boat, he thought, must look rather like a beetle crawling across a mirror. But his luck held. Sooner than he had dared hope, X24, undetected, slipped out of the glare and floated into the blackness once more.

At 2.30 a.m., the midget dived. Sub-Lieutenant Brooks, at the hydroplane controls, immediately reported that depth-keeping was difficult. It was the old bugbear of fresh-water pockets, the patches of sweet water that are found in all inland channels near the sea. Brooks knew them

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well from his experience in the Scottish lochs, but the pockets in the Bergen fjords were alarmingly extensive and were to persist throughout the period of the attack.

Apart from the struggle to keep a regular depth, things were going very well; no technical breakdowns had yet appeared. Shean was more than satisfied with his progress. They had travelled twenty-five miles up the fjord before diving, had successfully negotiated the outer of the two minefields guarding the harbour, and they had come through the tricky searchlight trap.

On diving, speed was reduced to two knots and the craft kept at periscope depth. Shean was now looking for a little opening which was marked on his chart as Langholm. He had picked out this bay, which he hoped would be deserted, as an excellent place in which to stay below for a few hours, for he intended to make the next, and decisive, stage of his passage by the full light of morning.

The bay was found, but it was far from being deserted; it gave every appearance of being a busy little fishing anchorage. Shean therefore decided against the projected wait and held X24 on her course.

At Attack Stations

What had been the approach had now become the final run-in. Normal attack stations were ordered. Shean, navigating at the periscope, was being helped by Frank Ogden. Slightly aft, Brooks was at the hydroplane, pump and main motor controls, and E.R.A. Coles sat forrard at the steering position. For the next three hours, periscope depth was maintained almost continuously—a great tribute to Brooks's concentration.

At 5.30 a.m., when they were six miles nearer the target and approaching the entrance to West Byfjord, Shean had his first sight of an enemy vessel. It was a medium-sized fishing smack coming down the swept channel of the fjord and right on the midget's track. Shean gave her a wide berth and, twenty minutes later, started to cross the inner minefield, the last that lay between them and Bergen harbour. The final run-in had started in earnest.

Almost immediately the hitherto calm nature of the passage changed dramatically. The channel through the minefield was seen to be crowded with traffic; Shean's main and constant anxiety was now to avoid collision. He took the craft to twenty-five feet, only coming up to periscope depth for a quick sight every five minutes.

The traffic was variegated—fishing vessels, landing craft, ferries, flak ships and, to Shean's disgust, anti-submarine patrol boats. It was soon clear that at least one of these meant business. Asdic transmissions suddenly began whining through the craft. They came from a patrol boat in the centre of the fairway, dead on the course on which X24 was headed.

With the maddening sound of water dripping into an enamel bowl, the "ping-ping" of the asdic struck the stern of the midget at ominously regular intervals. There could be no doubt that contact had been made. Shean at once took his boat into a twenty-degree zigzag, traversing the channel from side to side.

Danger Of Collision

This criss-crossing brought increased danger of collision. Before the contact, Shean had been able to locate such traffic as lay straight ahead in the middle distance; with the zigzag he had no means of knowing what vessels lay to port and starboard. Bound to take sights, he still brought X24 to periscope depth and once, raising the "stick" blindly, Shean found himself so near the stern of an assault craft as to get a "periscope full" of the coxswain's fur-booted foot.

After twenty unnerving minutes the "pings" became gradually less strident and died away. Shean supposed that the asdic operator had been deceived by the smallness of the echoes and, attributing them to a shoal of fish, had given up the investigation. Whatever the reason, the men were glad to hear the ringing cease. Shean resumed his normal course with relief.

At 7.45, X24 entered the harbour proper; fifteen minutes later Shean spotted the floating dock. To his disappointment, he saw that it was flooded down and, it seemed, empty. He couldn't be quite certain of this, for the stern of a large merchant ship obscured the dock on the only angle he could observe it. A more welcome discovery was that there appeared to be no net defences. Again, Shean had to keep an open mind, for the harbour was covered with an early morning haze and nothing stood out with any clarity.

Fooled Patrol Vessel

Now every man of the crew had as much as he could do. Traffic in the inner harbour was very thick; small tugs and fishing boats kept up a steady threshing overhead. There was real danger of the reed-thin periscope being discovered, and a sick moment ensued whenever it was raised.

Once a small harbour-defence vessel gained asdic contact, but X24 threw it off the scent by the classic gambit of "turning end on and going deep." Immediately afterwards the whole exploit nearly ended when a minesweeper came so close that Shean could read the number painted on her side. He went tense, expecting an imminent ramming, but the sweeper passed clear by inches with a roaring rush.

This very near escape and the increasing congestion round Laksevaag warned Shean that any lengthy periscope observation would almost certainly be fatal. His approach to and under the dock, then, would have to be made with the craft below periscope depth. Such a blind approach was all the more undesirable because of the strong currents known to prevail in the channel. The choice was between the difficulties of a submerged approach and the dangers of being rammed. With the target in sight, Shean rightly decided against any unnecessary risk.

"Sixty feet. Revolutions for one knot. Course 166 degrees to close the dock." Shean was preparing to make a practice run-in.

The minutes ticked away on the control-room clock. The timing seemed to be right, for after the correct period the midget passed under one long shadow and then under another. The second of these Shean judged to be the dock. He was still making his calculations when the craft grounded at sixty feet. She came out astern and into the centre of the harbour again.

Slid Under Target

Another practice run was ordered. A quick periscope sight to get the attack bearing, then ahead once more. Two minutes . . . three . . . five—and then the darkness of the target above again. It slid behind and X24, still at sixty feet, buried her nose in something hard. Shean peered through the thick glass scuttle in the periscope dome. The midget had grounded against a mass of sloping, loose stone foundations. These, Shean decided, must belong to the pier that connected the dock with the shore. If they did, X24 was in exactly the right position.

Disengaging the bows from the stonework, he took the craft slowly along the full length of the dark expanse above. He wanted it to measure five hundred feet, the known length of the dock. He knew his own speed through the water and he had a stop watch in his hand. A simple calculation would tell him if this dimly seen mass, this ceiling of steel, was indeed the Laksevaag dock.

Suddenly X24 went clear. The watch stopped. Figures were checked. Shean grinned with satisfaction. Five hundred feet. And the shape, too, of the object they had passed under matched the specifications—straight-edged and rectangular. Cool as ever outwardly, but seething within, Shean withdrew the midget into the middle of the channel. The target was there; all he had to do now was to put it in his sights and press the trigger.

Shean wanted somewhere to lie up for a few minutes while preparing the

Consider your verdict

by RUSSELL SCOTT, LL.B.

For months, the school bus had called for nine-year-old John in the morning and had brought him home in the evening. He lived five miles from his primary school and, by law, the Noshire County Council had to make "suitable arrangements" for getting the over-eights "to and from" their lessons if they lived more than three miles from school.

Like other education authorities, the county council could either provide the transport or pay the schoolchild's travelling expenses.

Noshire chose to run school buses. But one day John's mother received a letter. It explained that, to cut expense, the council had decided to start a new scheme.

The school bus service would stop. Instead, the council would subsidize the fares of pupils living more than three miles from school. But they would have to travel on public buses, and the council would only pay for the journey between their homes and the three-mile limit.

For the rest of the distance, the children would have to pay their own fares—or walk.

John's mother and father were furious. "I'm not going to pay any fares," said his mother. "And if they expect him to walk nearly three miles twice a day, he'll stay at home."

So, as a protest, John was kept from school.

He was delighted, and although he knew the penalties for playing truant, he didn't worry with his parents to encourage him.

In due course, John's mother and father were summoned for not sending him to school.

They stated their objections in court, and their main point was that "suitable arrangements" for transporting John *to and from* school had not been made.

The county council argued that the new scheme was both fair and just. "It's not equitable for pupils like John, who live more than three miles from school, to be taken all the way there and back free, while other pupils living, say, two and three-quarter miles away must go at their own expense," said the council's spokesman.

Suitable arrangements *had* been made, he insisted, and John's parents should be compelled to make use of them.

What is your verdict? For the judge's decision, see page 39

attack. He found just the billet he needed in Puddefjord, a small opening off the main harbour from which the dock could be observed. Occasional and very fleeting peeps through the periscope showed that the already heavy traffic in the channels was increasing.

This worried Shean, for it meant that he would have to make an even longer blind approach to the target than he had imagined. He would have, in fact, nothing to guide him for what might be some hundreds of yards but the course and calculations deriving from the careful test runs he had already made. He had absolute faith in his figures and timing, but he would have liked to see what he was hitting.

At 8.40, he edged X24 out into the main fairway. Once in it, he realized that the traffic was even thicker than had appeared from his observation post in Puddefjord. It was almost impossible to raise the periscope without serious risk of discovery or ramming. He managed to take a few sights, then dived to seventy feet for the final approach when his craft was still 250 yards from the target. It was far too long a distance for his liking, but it would have to do.

In the midget the tension mounted. Brooks bent over the diving controls, intent on holding X24 at seventy feet. Coles, forrard, concentrated on keeping her on the given course. Standing by the periscope, Ogden watched his commander's face. Shean's eyes were fixed on the scuttle in the dome. The seconds seemed to pass endlessly. So much—a long, laborious training, danger, sometimes discouragement—had made possible this breathless progress under Bergen's waters. So little, now, could have made it all in vain.

It was not in Shean's nature to doubt himself, but he had never wished more fiercely for anything in his life than for that first darkening of the scuttle that would tell him he was right. After proceeding for eight minutes at seventy feet he knew that he was. The glass he looked at clouded. The Laksevaag dock was above.

It lay north and south; X24 had approached it from the north. From that end Shean took his craft along

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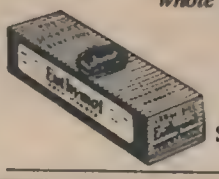

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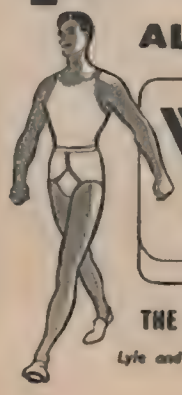

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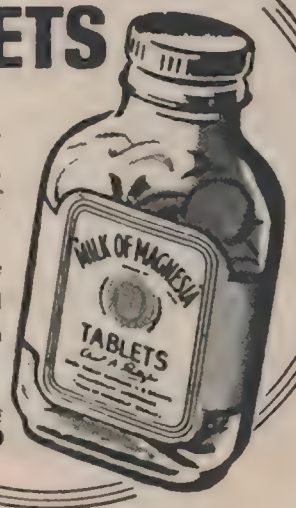

** 'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.*

for a distance of one hundred feet—and stopped. Set to explode in four hour's time, the starboard side cargo—the crescent-shaped container holding two tons of amatol—was released.. As it wavered down to the bottom a perceptible thrill went through the crew. They had attacked!

"Bring her up to forty feet." Shean, still calm in spite of this rich, rewarding moment, meant to lay his second charge under the dock's opposite extremity. As the craft rose the tense quartet in the control-room heard sounds from the unsuspecting world above: steady, rhythmic sounds, without a doubt the working of reciprocating pumps in the dock machinery flanking the target. Dead slow ahead. The midget nosed forward for three hundred feet until, as on the test runs, she was brought up short against the loose stones of the southern pier.

Charges Placed Home

This was what Shean wanted. An order to Brooks, and X24 rose slowly till she was wedged between the pier foundations and the dock.

"Let go the port cargo."

Shean, gazing through the scuttle, saw the charge come away from the pressure hull, sink sideways and jam itself against the rocks. The craft was so hard against these that it was not till she withdrew astern that the cargo came completely clear. The job was done. Four tons of amatol—enough to raise the huge dock into the air—had been released and would fire about 1 p.m. The time was 9.11 a.m.

Now they could run for home, and "home" meant the waiting Sceptre in her planned position. Compared with its penetration, the journey out of and away from the harbour was like a liberty run after a long and gruelling voyage.

By 6 p.m. the air inside the tiny submarine was noticeably foul and breathing was becoming difficult. Traffic, though less than on the run-in, was still too thick to allow Shean to come up with safety. Two hours later, his attempt to surface was nearly his last. The periscope was barely clear when a largish vessel, appearing from nowhere, was seen to be almost on top of it. Shean reacted like lightning. The emergency quick-diving tank was flooded at once and the midget sank like a stone to a safe depth. To the elated but now exhausted crew, this close brush with death was no more than a minor episode.

Signs Of Poisoning

At last, at 9.30 p.m., Shean brought X24 up to the night. All four members of the crew were now suffering from violent headaches and acute burning pains in the stomach. These were symptoms, they knew, of a combination of lack of oxygen and carbon dioxide poisoning. Their distress did not surprise them—they had been submerged for nearly nineteen hours without a single taste of fresh air.

Shean opened the hatch, but the inrush of good sweet air did nothing to bring immediate relief. On the contrary, as always happens in these circumstances, the first reactions were those of increased nausea. Shean and Coles, especially, were subject to spasms of vomiting. The sickness passed, and anyway they had endured it stoically. Success was behind them and they were nearly home.

Sceptre was soon sighted, and the two submarines proceeded in company for ninety minutes before passing the tow and changing crews in the first minutes of April 15. Sceptre had a fine meal ready and, with a sense of occasion—and none for unwritten law—Lieutenant McIntosh ordered the wardroom bar to be opened.

Three days later the two submarines were back in base, which looked more like Epsom Downs on Derby Day than the desolate Scottish loch it really was. Ships were beflagged and sirens hooted fiercely; a fleet of small craft swarmed round the returning heroes. Welcome, visual and aural, gave way to liquid that night, and the celebration that followed was in the best traditions of the service. None of its participants remembered anything about it.

The Morning After

There was consternation in the flotilla when it was known shortly afterwards that the Laksevaag dock was still afloat. By an extraordinary coincidence, the 7,500-ton motor merchant vessel, the Barenfels, had been lying on precisely the same north-south line as the floating dock. The ship, moreover, had exactly the same overall length, and her draught of twenty-eight feet was that of the dock when flooded down.

Shean, denied the use of his periscope at the vital time, had blown up the wrong target. Nevertheless, his brilliant attack had been a success. The Barenfels was a total loss, and the Germans were without a valuable unit of their merchant fleet. Even more important, perhaps, was the proof that X-craft could successfully enter and return from a harbour whose defences were as strong as, and perhaps stronger than, those surrounding the Tirpitz in Alten Fjord. At a critical stage in its career, the small submarine had shown its power.

More than the Barenfels exploded on that April day. The myth that the midget was an expensive toy manned by suicidal young men went up for ever. Marine powers everywhere would have to take notice. Great things lay ahead.

The Laksevaag dock did not escape for long. In September, 1944, X24, under the command of Lieutenant H. P. Westmacott, entered the harbour in much the same way Shean had done and successfully attacked the dock and shipping round it. The dock was sunk, as was one small merchant ship. Westmacott brought his craft back safely.

NEXT WEEK: Our charioteers go raiding with Italy's daring frogmen

Champion dogs take a course in charm

IT needs months of training to transform a scraggy puppy into a proud cup-winner. The handlers—and the secrets of their show success—are described . . .

by

Dennis Holman

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

"Who slammed that door?"

DEATH AND THE SKY ABOVE

Continued from page 10

she spoke again. "Charles, I'll have to stop somewhere and fill up with petrol—we've only about half a gallon left."

"All right," he said calmly. "Better make it soon—we musn't run out."

"We're coming to a garage now."

"I'll keep down, then." Once more he squeezed into the well between the seats and drew the rug over him.

KATHRYN gave a quick glance round to make sure he was completely covered, and pulled in beside the pumps. It was only after she had stopped the car that she saw there was an A.A. scout there as well as the garage man.

"Four gallons, please," she called through the open window.

The garage man nodded and carried the pipe round to the tank. The A.A. scout stood looking at the front of the car for a moment and then wandered up to the window with a friendly grin.

"Evening, miss. Do I gather you're not a member of the A.A.?"

She flung a concealing arm along the back of the seat, wishing she had chosen any garage but this. If he were to see the rug move . . . !

He produced some literature and began talking. Kathryn smiled up at him, anxious to keep his whole attention focused on her.

After an age, the car was refuelled and she paid, giving a brief nod to the A.A. scout and driving quickly out into the road.

Charles struggled out from under the rug, crimson-faced. "God, I was afraid we'd never get away!" he said.

The open road lay ahead of them now, and the rest of the journey passed quickly and without incident. It was just after seven when they slipped through the tiny village of East Rainham and approached the spot where the road and the sea-wall converged. Charles looked carefully around to make sure there were no other cars in sight.

"All right," he said, "this is it. We'd better make it snappy while the road's clear."

She stopped the car and turned. "Goodbye, my love. Kiss me."

He leaned over and touched her lips with his own. "Don't worry, darling—it may not be for long. I'll find some way of seeing you."

"And I'll get those things to you somehow."

"Bless you!" He got swiftly out of the car and without a backward glance climbed the low sea-wall and disappeared from sight. Kathryn pulled the door shut after him and drove on towards the cottage.

Creek Cottage—"Hilary's love-nest," as one of the Sunday newspapers had called it after the trial—was a rather ugly two-storey brick house with a small sitting-room and scullery downstairs and two tiny bedrooms upstairs. It conspicuously lacked all modern conveniences. Water had to be fetched from a brackish well two hundred yards away; cooking, if any, was by paraffin stove; lighting was by oil lamps.

Kathryn brought the car to a halt and sat for a moment looking out over the desolate scene, her thoughts solely of the task ahead. She had been a little worried in case something might have happened to the dinghy during their long absence, but a glance set her fears at rest.

It was still there in the mud, secured by a long painter to a post driven into a patch of shingle. Spray was there, too, sitting almost upright on her duck-belly and looking little the worse for all the months of neglect. There was no water in the creek yet, only an expanse of glistening brown ooze and green weed that stretched away past the chain of islands to the distant deep channel.

She collected the door-key from under the stone where they had left it all those weeks ago and let herself in. The place smelt as musty as a vault, and she flung the windows wide open. From a cupboard in one of the bedrooms she took the tarpaulin-wrapped bundle in which the sleeping-bags and pillows and boating-clothes were kept, and changed into slacks and a sweater. Then she fetched her rubber boots from the lean-to wooden shed, and set to work.

GETTING water was always a laborious job, for the rusty iron pump worked only spasmodically. She took the car and filled the two jerrycans and a lidded enamel pail for herself. The cans still smelt of petrol, even after she had rinsed them several times, but she had no other containers. Back at the cottage, she put them outside the door on the baked earth and began to pile the other things beside them. First, the things that Charles had particularly asked for, so that she wouldn't overlook them—his old clothes, his sea-boots, his binoculars, and, in case the weather turned bad, his sleeping-bag and the tarpaulin. Then she began to carry out the tins of food from the pantry.

Dusk was beginning to fall by the time she had finished. The tide had started to creep in over the mud, but it still hadn't reached the dinghy, and

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for the moment there was nothing more she could do. She sat down on the ground outside the cottage and gazed across at the low, dark outline of Twinney Island. It looked lonely and comfortless. The dying day threw a melancholy light over the creek, and she shivered. Waiting was the worst part.

Presently she gave a tentative pull on the dinghy painter and felt the boat stir. In a few moments it was floating clear of the mud and she drew it in until its forefoot grounded gently on the shingle. It was half full of water, which was something she hadn't reckoned on. As she baled it out with an old tin, she realized that she must put some water back into it afterwards, or the police would know she had used it. There was so much to remember, and it would be so easy to make a mistake.

She gave a sigh of thankfulness when she had mopped out the bilges and carried out the stores. In an hour from now, with any luck, she'd have delivered her cargo and seen Charles safely installed. The dinghy would be tied up again and she'd be ready to face all comers. Impatiently she waited for the last of the daylight to fade. Charles must be on the point of setting off on his walk now, and it would take him half an hour. She ought to be making a move herself. She went to the shed and fetched the oars and rowlocks.

She was just about to push off from the shingle when she saw a light flashing on the main road a mile or more away. It grew brighter, and suddenly, to her horror, resolved itself into the twin beams of headlamps pointing straight towards her. A car was coming along the causeway!

For a moment she stood petrified, holding the oar. It could only be the police: no one else would come to this spot, and at night. Her heart thumped as she struggled to fight down her panic. *What should she do?* She couldn't go off with the dinghy now: they'd see her car there and guess what she was doing and wait for her; and if she didn't come back they'd search the neighbourhood. But it would be just as bad if they found the dinghy like this. With a sick feeling, she dropped the oars across the thwarts, stepped out on to the shingle, and pushed the boat away from the shore with all her strength. The tide caught it. It swung round once or twice, and then slowly drifted away into the darkness.

ALREADY the car was half-way along the raised track, and she knew she hadn't a moment to lose. Frantically she dashed to the shed, flung her rubber boots into a corner, and shut the door. Then, barefooted, she ran to the cottage, groped her way upstairs in the darkness, and hurriedly changed back into her town frock and smart shoes. She rolled up the slacks and sweater and tossed them into the cupboard, raced downstairs again and lit the sitting-room lamp, ran a comb through her hair, and tried to compose herself.

She heard the car pull up and the voices of two men talking in low, conspiratorial tones. They seemed to be reconnoitring outside. There was the unmistakable sound of the shed door being opened and of a car door being slammed—her own, she thought. Feet crunched menacingly on the shingle.

She suddenly realized that the part of innocence required her to resent this noisy and unexplained intrusion, and she went quickly to the door. As she opened it, one of the men flashed a torch straight into her eyes, and she gave an involuntary cry.

"Miss Forrester?"

"Who are you?" she demanded indignantly. "What on earth do you think you're doing, prowling about there?"

The torch probed the empty corners of the sitting-room, and the men seemed to relax a little. "Sorry to trouble you, miss. We're from the county police. Fellowes is my name—Detective-Sergeant Fellowes." The sergeant had a youthful, pleasant voice, and as he lowered the torch she could see that he had a pleasant face as well. "Are you alone?" he asked.

"Yes, I am. Why?"

"Do you mind if we take a look round the house?"

"What for? What's the matter?"

Fellowes hesitated. "Haven't you heard the news, miss?"

"I haven't heard anything."

"Why, Charles Hilary escaped from prison this afternoon."

"*Escaped!*" Kathryn saw the chance of a breathing space. For a moment she gazed at him incredulously, clutching the door post for support. Then, slowly and very competently, she crumpled to the floor.

WHEN she opened her eyes, after a suitable interval, the sergeant was bending over her solicitously, a glass of water in his hand. She had heard the other man go upstairs—his heavy footfalls were still audible in the room above, and she caught the sound of a cupboard being opened. For a moment she feared he might notice that the slacks and sweater were damp, but he was down again almost at once, flashing his torch round the scullery.

"All clear, Sarge. Nothing here."

Fellowes dabbed water on Kathryn's forehead with his fingertips and put the glass down. "That was a nasty tumble, miss. Feeling better, now?"

"Yes—thank you."

"Bit of a shock for you, I'm afraid."

Kathryn nodded, and struggled to sit up. "What happened — about Charles, I mean? How did he manage to get away?"

The policeman took a paper from his pocket and gave it to her. It was a late edition of the *News*, its front page black with headlines. "FIRE AT PENTONHURST," she read. "HEAVY CASUALTIES IN PRISON BLAZE." "CHARLES HILARY ESCAPES."

"Oh, God!" she murmured. She looked up at Fellowes. "Did you think he was here?"

"Well, miss, we had to make sure." The sergeant sounded quite apologetic. "I expect you'd like to be left alone now. I'll have to station the constable outside, but he won't disturb you." He turned at the door. "It might be better if you stayed up for a while, though, Miss Forrester—an inspector will probably be coming down from the Yard to see you." He nodded, and went out. A moment later she heard the car drive away.

The thought of the lost dinghy still lay like a black shadow on her mind, but there was no time to waste in the contemplation of disaster. The sergeant had merely been the outrider—if an inspector were coming down it meant she was going to be questioned closely, and there were still things to be done. She turned the lamp up a little and went outside to get her can of water. The constable, who was standing on the shingle looking out over the creek, directed his torch on her suspiciously, but switched it off when he saw what she was doing. She went in and shut the door.

Behind drawn curtains, she washed her hands and face and applied new

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Be bold

MOST people are other people, their thoughts other people's thoughts, their lives a mimicry of other lives.

It is good to listen to opinion and appreciate good ideas. To be highly critical of opinion and originate good ideas oneself is better.

We have minds of our own, unlike other minds. We should be bold enough to use them.

by ROFFE THOMPSON

"Fifty-four!"

make-up. Her nails were grubby, and she cleaned them carefully and polished them. So were the soles of her feet, and she washed those, too.

When she had satisfied herself that she had done everything possible by way of precaution, she made herself a cup of tea and settled down to think out what she would say.

It was nearly midnight when sounds from the causeway told her that the police were coming back. This time there seemed to be two cars. She heard Fellowes's voice as he spoke to the constable, and another one that was vaguely familiar, and she waited tensely for the knock. When it came, the man standing in the doorway was Inspector Bates, the officer who had originally arrested Charles.

"Come in," she said.

"Thank you." The inspector dropped his hat on the settee and gave her a long, searching look. "Well, Miss Forrester, this is a very unfortunate business—very tragic and distressing for you, very disturbing for us. I wish we could have spared you this extra strain. . . . Still, there it is. We have our duty to do." His manner became brisker. "Now tell me: do you know where Hilary is?"

"If I did," she said, "you may be quite sure I shouldn't tell you, but, as a matter of fact, I don't."

"Has he been in communication with you?"

"No."

"You realize, Miss Forrester, that the penalties for helping a convicted murderer can be very severe?"

"Nothing worse could happen to me than has happened already," she said. "But, as I say, I don't know anything. The first I heard of it was when Sergeant Fellowes called."

"We shall have to satisfy ourselves about that. Hilary escaped in his vest and underpants. It's almost incredible that he wasn't picked up right away, but he wasn't, and now he seems to have gone to ground. He couldn't have done that without help. When did you come down here?"

"I left home at about five this afternoon and got down at about seven."

"What made you come?"

"Charles and I had lived here together. I felt I should like to be here when he—when he died."

BATES looked—and was—uncomfortable. "I'm sorry I have to intrude like this," he said, "but I'm afraid it's quite unavoidable. Was it your intention to stay long?"

"I hadn't any intention. I just came. I suddenly couldn't bear it in London any longer. If you mean did I bring anything with me, I didn't; not a thing. I simply wanted to get here. I should probably have gone back tomorrow."

"Will you still go back tomorrow?"

"I don't know." She looked at him, and suddenly her expression changed. "I suppose that's what you want me to do," she said bitterly. "You'd like me to go there because you know that's where he'll probably make for. You want me to be the decoy. Well, I won't. If you catch him, it's not going to be through me."

Bates grunted. "What have you been doing since you got here?"

Her defiance seemed to wilt, and she looked as though she were going to cry. "What would you have been doing if someone you loved was going to be hanged in the morning? I wasn't doing anything: I was just sitting. God knows I've plenty to think about."

The inspector struggled against his natural feelings. In his long career he couldn't remember a job he had found more distasteful. "May I see your hands?" he said.

"My hands?" She held them out and he examined them under the lamp.

"Now your shoes."

SHE slipped them off, and he scrutinized them carefully before handing them back. Then he walked to the window and looked out over the dark estuary.

"You and Hilary did some sailing here, I believe. What boat did you use?"

"A little sailing boat. It's out there now in the mud."

"Is that the only boat you have?"

"Yes."

"I was under the impression that people who sailed always had a—what do you call it?—a dinghy?"

"Spray doesn't need one—she only draws a foot and a half, so we managed."

"I see. . . . Well, I'd better have a look round."

Once again she listened to footsteps overhead, to the opening of cupboard doors, and, after he had gone out, to the sound of the shed door being opened and shut. There was more conversation outside, and then Bates returned to the sitting-room.

"I see you've a pair of rubber boots in the shed," he said: "How is it they're wet?"

"I wore them when I went to fetch water from the pump."

"It must be rather muddy round there."

"It is."

"Didn't Hilary have any boots?"

"Yes, but he lost them the last time we went out in Spray. He put them out on the mud so that they wouldn't dirty the boat, and forgot about them. The tide came in and carried them away."

"I found some old clothes of yours upstairs, but none of Hilary's."

"I don't know anything about that. Perhaps he took them away with him. It's a long time since they were used."

"There is only one sleeping-bag."

"He preferred a rug or blankets. He thought sleeping-bags were stuffy."

"I don't see any rug or blankets."

"We used to bring them down with us each time. They only got damp if they were left here."

"Didn't your sleeping-bag get damp?"

"No. It's waterproof."

Bates regarded her thoughtfully for a moment, then picked up his hat. "Very well, Miss Forrester. That's all for the time being. I apologize again

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for having inflicted all this on you. Good night."

"Good night, Inspector."

There were more sounds of activity after he had left her. From the window, she saw one of the policemen going out to Spray. He was soon back, though, and there was a short conference at the edge of the shingle. They were studying the mud. It was just as well, she thought, that she had been careful about floating the dinghy in.

At last the conference broke up and she heard an engine being started. For one wildly hopeful moment she thought that Bates had accepted her story and that they were all going to leave. But only one of the cars drove away. She could see the glow of the constable's cigarette behind the wheel of the other as he settled to his vigil. It was just as Charles had said—they would never leave her!

With a feeling of utter despair, she threw herself on the settee. She wouldn't be able to get any fresh supplies out to him. He was there on the island now, without clothes, without food, without even water, helpless! Thirst would drive him ashore tomorrow. Even if it didn't, someone would be sure to find the loaded dinghy floating in the river, and it would be reported and the police would know all they wanted to know. Everything had been in vain. Her overwrought nerves suddenly gave way, and she sobbed as though her heart would break.

SOON after nine o'clock, Charles had left his grassy hide-out under the sea-wall and started his solitary walk round the edge of the creek. Because it was still not quite dark, he avoided the exposed top of the wall, preferring to pick his way through the debris along the shore rather than risk a silhouette against the western sky. Each step required extreme care, for the soles of his canvas shoes were thin, and the crackling beach bristled with old tins and spiky lumps of wood and broken glass. He had to be on his guard, too, against putting a foot beyond the dry fringe and leaving prints in the moist ground below the last high-water mark.

Any uneasiness he might have felt about the crossing itself was soon dispelled. The water was milk-warm, the tide was slack, and he had no heavy clothes to impede his movements. Using the breast stroke, to conserve his strength, he quickly reduced the gap, and in a moment or two the dark outline of the island wall rose above him. He swam parallel to the bank, reconnoitring the shallows for a suitable landing-place. Presently, testing the bottom with his hands, he found a patch of hard gravel and scrambled ashore. He climbed to the top of the wall and dropped to the grass to recover his breath.

He looked across to the cottage. A lamp was burning, to his surprise, but there were no other signs of life. With a slight sense of disquiet, he listened for the sound of oars. It was strange, he thought, that Kathryn hadn't already arrived.

When the minutes continued to slip by without sight or sound of the boat or any movement from the shore, he became deeply worried. This wasn't like Kathryn: something serious must have happened to upset the timetable. His mind was suddenly filled with dire imaginings. Perhaps she had overloaded the dinghy and had an accident!

At that moment the lights of a stationary car blazed out beside the cottage. He checked himself at the water's edge, relieved but baffled. It looked, after all, as though no harm had come to her, but what on earth could she be up to? Then he saw two figures move across the light beam—the figures of two men—and the dreadful truth burst upon him.

Kathryn had been forestalled by the police. The dinghy wouldn't come. The whole plan had failed. And he had done the one thing he was most anxious to avoid: he had sacrificed her in the attempt to save himself.

The thought was unendurable, and it spurred him to new action. He had got her into this mess—now he had got to get her out of it. He could think of only one way. If he were captured at some place far from the Medway, and swore that he had never seen her, the police wouldn't be able to prove her complicity. But it would be a hard slog to get out of the neighbourhood—he wouldn't dare to steal a car or a bicycle, even if at this late hour he had the opportunity, because he didn't want to do anything that might afterwards suggest he had been here. . . .

He stood hesitating under the wall, watching the car drive off along the causeway. Why was it leaving, if it was a police car? With straining eyes he stared out over the faintly luminous water, clinging to hope. Five minutes passed, ten minutes. Suddenly the cottage door opened and he saw Kathryn's shadowy figure emerge and the beam of a torch being directed at her. That settled it!

With a heavy heart he made his way to the patch of gravel and re-entered the water. The shock of failure had exhausted him more than all his earlier efforts, and his arms and legs felt leaden.

He swam with flagging strokes. The ebb had set in now, and out here in midstream he could barely hold his own against the tide. He changed to an over-arm stroke, battling with his tiredness.

He still had half the distance to cover when, out of the darkness ahead of him, a solid object suddenly loomed. At first he thought it was a barrel or a piece of wreckage floating down on the ebb, but as he swam closer he saw that it was a boat. An old derelict dinghy! Only when he grabbed the deeply laden stern and peered in and touched the jerrycans did the full extent of his good fortune come home to him.

His joy then was so great that it was all he could do not to shout aloud. He realized at once that Kathryn must have pushed the boat out into the blue to prevent the police finding it, and that meant that they were still safe. He needn't run away: he could go back to the island and carry on as they had planned. This, surely, was what a reprieve would have felt like. It was life!

With returning hope came new vigour. Hoisting himself over the stern, he found an oar and began to scull himself back across the creek. The main thing now was to get the dinghy behind the screen of the island sea-wall before the tide went down. There was, he remembered, a breach in the wall somewhere, and if he could find it quickly he might still have time to float the boat in. Otherwise he would have no alternative but to manhandle both it and its contents up the mud, and that would mean leaving a trail behind him.

HE found the breach and manoeuvred the boat in, and then, sweating and trembling from the exertion, he sat down on the gunwale to recover.

It was too dark to unload the boat with safety—that would have to wait until morning—but at least he could slake his thirst and take the edge off his hunger. He felt about in the bottom until he found a tin mug, and carefully poured out a ration of water. Petrol-flavoured though it was, it tasted better than any drink he could remember. He found some biscuits, too, and chewed them slowly, making the most of them. It might be a long while before he could afford to eat his fill again.

He still felt jubilant at the dramatic turn of events, but as he came to consider the position more calmly he realized that in fact the immediate crisis was by no means over. Kathryn wouldn't know that he'd intercepted it, and she must be almost off her head with worry. In one way or another, he'd got to let her know that the dinghy had arrived. . . .

A glow in the sky over in the direction of the cottage drew him to the top of the sea wall again. This time he saw there were two cars approaching along the causeway. Kathryn was evidently in for a gruelling night. He watched them draw up, and saw the

"Hurry up! Daddy's getting tired"

cottage door open and someone go in. He wished he could help her.

Not until the visit was over and the second car had left and darkness had fallen once more on the house did he feel free to unroll his sleeping-bag. By that time he was so dazed with tiredness that sleep came almost as he lay down.

He woke at daybreak, wonderfully refreshed, and lay for a while in a state of almost complete physical contentment, lazily watching a wheeling gull, sniffing the tangy air, listening to the soothing trickle of water and the gentle hiss of mud. The wide sky above him was a pale, clear blue; the sun was just coming up over the sea-wall. The day promised to be exquisite—the sort to make the blood tingle. It seemed too fantastic to think that in an hour or two from now they had intended to take him out and hang him in a prison courtyard and bury him in quicklime in a nameless grave.

ALL the same, the grim thought brought him back to realities. He slid quickly from his bag and put on his khaki shorts and shirt and sea-boots. Then he took the binoculars from the dinghy and climbed cautiously up the sloping wall until he had a clear but safe view of the cottage between tufts of stiff seagrass. The place looked so near through the glasses that he felt he could touch it if he stretched out his hand. He could make out the features of a man apparently dozing behind the wheel of a car, but there was no sign of life anywhere else. Kathryn was not stirring yet.

Judging by the position of the sun, the time must be about half past six. The tide was right out. All around was yellow gleaming mud and the grey-green grass of the saltings. Not everyone's idea of heaven, perhaps, but Charles thought at that moment that he had rarely seen anything so peaceful and lovely.

He turned and surveyed his own domain. The island was four or five acres in extent and completely flat inside the wall except for the odd hummock here and there. At high water, everything but the hummocks would be covered and the island inside the wall would become, if only for a few minutes, a lagoon.

Rather reluctantly he got down from his perch and started out to explore his kingdom. He felt extremely hungry, but he was anxious to find out whether it was safe for him to move about on the island in daylight, and the best time to experiment was before the cottage came to life. He began to make a circuit round the inside of the wall. As long as he was careful about the break in the wall he could move freely and without worry at all times.

When he returned to the dinghy, he was ravenous. Obviously he would have to cut down on exercise and husband his energies. He opened one of the tins of guavas and ate two of the fruits, following them with a piece of meat roll and a few biscuits. He wondered if he dared make a small fire of dry sticks and brew some tea in a mug, but decided not to risk it at the moment and contented himself with water. He counted the cigarettes and smoked one of them with slow relish, blessing Kathryn for her forethought.

Presently he stubbed out his cigarette butt and thrust it deep into a crack in the rock-hard earth at the foot of the wall. Then he turned his attention to the disposal of the stores. It was important, he felt, to keep them hidden away, so that if by any chance the police did decide to take a look at the islands they wouldn't at once find conclusive evidence of his presence there.

During his walk he had discovered three convenient mud-holes half buried in sea lavender, and in these he now concealed everything he had. The two jerrycans went into one hole, the tinned food into the second, and all the rest of the stuff, tightly wrapped in the tarpaulin, into the third.

There was nothing he could do about the dinghy yet, but he devised a plan. Lower down the creek there was a small pool he knew of, a shallow saucer in the mud which never quite dried out even at low-water springs. He and Kathryn had sometimes used it as an anchorage for Spray. On the next night tide, he decided, he would row the boat to the pool and sink it there. He would have to swim back, but the distance wasn't too great. Then in an emergency he could recover it at any low water by walking through the mud to the pool and dragging it out.

Satisfied that he had taken all the precautions possible at the moment, he climbed again to his look-out on the sea-wall and settled down with the glasses. In the village of Upchurch a woman was wheeling a bicycle down a garden path, and an energetic farmer was already at work with a tractor. The whole string of islands between Twinney and the main river lay open to his inspection. He had no defences if his whereabouts should be discovered, but at least not much could happen without his knowing about it.

KATHRYN's emotional collapse hadn't lasted long. In a very short time she had taken a fresh grip of herself and gone up to bed—not to sleep, but to think. The position was about as bad as it could be, but one thing was clear: she couldn't do anything while the police were watching her.

What, she wondered, were her chances of doing so if she left the cottage? Presumably they would follow her, and they must be expert at shadowing people. All the same, she believed she might be able to elude them. . . .

For a time, because the situation was so desperate that no plan seemed too

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"Oh, Harry!" said Peggy, reproachfully. "Why, the first thing I saw when I got to the studio at 6.30 this morning was you smoking a cigarette!"

"That's right. That's what you'd see any morning, too. I'm first here every day, and first thing I light a Capstan."

"That's how you're able to face my face, is it?"

"I wouldn't say that to your face, would I?"

"Not, I hope, when you're smoking one of my Capstans."

"I wouldn't say it anyway, but I must admit a cigarette does rather improve the look of the world ... especially at that hour."

"You might almost say a cigarette puts a new complexion on things, eh, Harry?"

• • •

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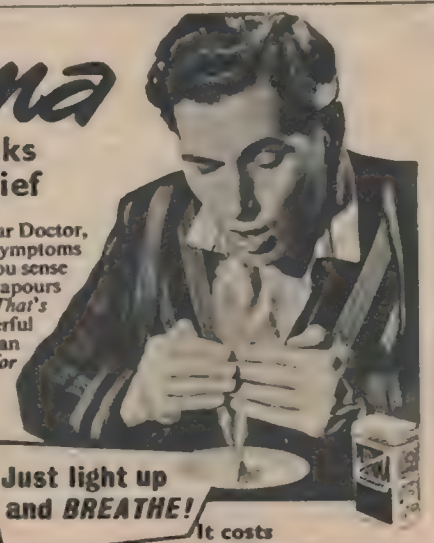

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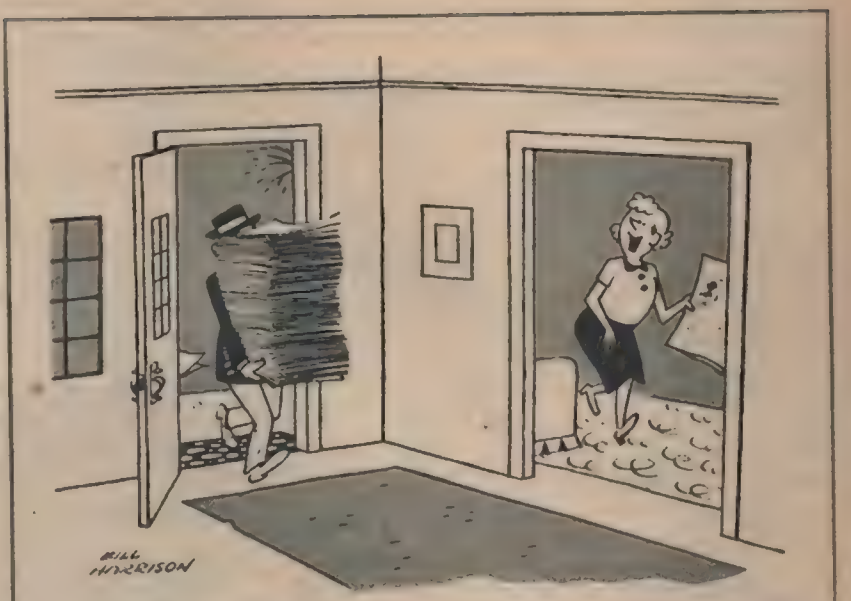


"That you, dear? Did you know your picture was in the paper?"

fantastic, she devised a dozen ways of getting to Charles with stores. But they were all hopeless, and she gave them up, one by one. And then, suddenly, it struck her: boldness might be the best answer to the problem—sheer, brazen nerve. The police were obviously hoping that she would do something clandestine—that was what they were waiting for. They would never expect her to take supplies out under their very noses! Now wasn't there some way in which she could do that?

She believed there was. Suppose she told Sergeant Fellowes in the morning that she felt like having a sail in Spray and asked him to join her in a picnic lunch on board? Supposing. . . . She worked out the tides in her head. Tomorrow lunchtime it would not be right for them, but it would be the day after.

As soon as she woke next morning, she crossed to the window and stood motionless with her eyes focused on Twinney Island. The place appeared as deserted as it had always been, but she lifted her hand in salutation in case he should be watching her.

By tomorrow night, Charles wouldn't have eaten or drunk for nearly sixty hours. How long could a man go without water? Suppose he fell ill? Suppose he hadn't the strength left to swim?

STILL, worrying would not help. As she dressed, she forced herself to concentrate on improvements to her plan rather than on Charles's plight.

There was a noise of car engines outside the cottage, and she hurried downstairs. The constable was just driving off along the causeway and she saw with satisfaction that Sergeant Fellowes had taken his place. He turned at the sound of her step and gave her a slightly sheepish "Good morning."

Without difficulty she conjured up a look of agitation. "Is there any news, Sergeant?"

"No, miss. He's still at large."

"Thank God," she said, and went in to make tea.

Half an hour later she set out to do her shopping. Sergeant Fellowes raised no objection when she told him where she was going: she was quite free, he said, to go anywhere she pleased, provided she didn't mind his coming too. His manner towards her was a curious mixture of deference to a celebrity, obvious admiration of her good looks, and embarrassment that it had fallen to his lot to keep an official eye on her. On the whole, she found his attitude promising.

As soon as she reached Rochester she parked the car, bought an armful of newspapers, and sat down on a public bench to read them.

The first one she picked up turned out to be typical of all. There was a huge photograph of Charles, and underneath, in bold letters, the words: "Have YOU Seen This Man?" There was an account of his escape in his underclothes and an interview with a woman who now remembered seeing him running along a road near the prison. There was a story about the close watch that was being kept on the ports, and the unlikelihood that Hilary could already have left the country. The crime reporter, in his own analysis of the situation, recalled that Hilary had been something of a yachtsman, and referred to the possibility that he might attempt to get away in his own boat.

A crisp paragraph recorded the fact that Miss Kathryn Forrester had left her flat in Chelsea and that her present whereabouts was unknown. Inset was a photograph of Kathryn. The facts of Louise Hilary's murder and of the trial were summarized in a small "box." All the rest of the front page was taken up with pictures and descriptions of the ghastly fire at the prison.

The other papers had covered the same ground under their own staring headlines. "HILARY CHEATS GALLOWS." "WHERE IS CHARLES HILARY?" "YARD LEADS NATION-WIDE MANHUNT." "KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN!"

For a while, Kathryn sat appalled. Only now did she realize fully what Charles and she were up against. In a few hours, the pack would be baying along every trail. It was horrible.

She felt slightly sick and suddenly remembered that she hadn't eaten for nearly twenty-four hours. It wouldn't help Charles for her to go hungry. She found a restaurant and had a light meal, ignoring the pointed interest of the waitresses.

Afterwards she did her shopping, and they went back.

It became clear as they turned on to the causeway that something was afoot at the cottage. Three or four cars were parked in a line near the shingle, and there was a knot of men waiting beside the door. For a horrible moment, Kathryn thought that this was the beginning of a search-party, but as she drew nearer she saw that several of the men had cameras, and realized that they were all from the press.

As soon as she got out of the car, the reporters clustered around her and began to fire their questions. Sergeant Fellowes looked as though he would be happy to intervene if they got too rough, but this was a situation that Kathryn was well able to handle. It was even possible, she thought, that she might be able to turn it to good account. She appeared reluctant to talk, said the only reason she had come to the cottage was to be alone, and that she had no idea where Charles was, and altogether managed to give the impression of a woman distracted by worry.

The photographers took pictures of the cottage, and the boat, and herself, and Sergeant Fellowes with his car, and

when there was nothing else to take but mud and water, and the reporters had extracted answers to all their questions, everyone departed with much slamming of doors.

After lunch she decided to give a touch of varnish to some of Spray's bare patches, feeling that signs of activity around the boat at such a time would be an indication to Charles that she had a plan, and an encouragement to him. When she needed fresh water to wash the salt crust off the woodwork, Fellowes volunteered to take the pail to the well and fill it for her. Then he sat on the shingle and watched her work.

About eight in the evening he was relieved by a constable whom Kathryn had not seen before. She decided to go to bed early and try to get some rest.

In fact, she slept badly again. The thought of Charles, so near, so lonely and so wretched, was an ache that never left her.

When she put her head out of the window soon after daybreak, she saw that the sky was clear and the outlook most promising. They would be able to sail all right. The light southerly breeze was perfect.

She stood for a moment looking out over the mud. By now every detail of the scene was only too familiar. Her gaze took in the island, and the boat, and the complex pattern of footmarks between Spray and the shore that she and the police had made, and the line of flotsam brought in by the night tide. Suddenly she frowned.

It *couldn't* be! She must be imagining things.

Flinging on her clothes, she raced downstairs. Outside the door she pulled up and nodded casually to the constable, trying to give the impression that she was merely taking the morning air. But her eyes were on the object she had seen from the upper room, and she knew she had been right.

IT was an opened tin, held in the mud by its sharp, round lid. A tin of Trinidad guavas! Charles must have got the stores.

For a second or two she continued to stare at it, hardly able to believe that the miracle had happened. Yet the evidence was conclusive. It couldn't just be an old tin that had been washed in during the night—it didn't look old, and it didn't look as though it had been washed in. The way the sharp edge had been pressed into the mud was a clear sign of human agency, and there was only one possible explanation.

Charles had found the dinghy, and this was his way of telling her. He must have swum in on the night tide and pushed the tin down through the water.

She glanced back at the police car. The constable had disappeared round the corner of the house. She walked along the edge of the mud and dislodged the tin with her foot. Then, making sure she was still unobserved, she ripped off the coloured wrapper and stuffed it deep in the grass that lined the shore. For a moment she gazed out towards the island; then turned and made her way nonchalantly back to the cottage. The incident was over—the evidence was destroyed.

Immediately after breakfast she drove into Rochester again. She did her routine shopping, had lunch in the town, and in the afternoon she and Sergeant Fellowes had a look over the castle. She had rarely felt less like sight-seeing, but it seemed better than haunting the creek all the time.

When she returned to the cottage in the early evening, Inspector Bates was waiting for her. One glance at his face told her that something unpleasant was in store. His expression was grim; his manner no longer touched with sympathy. Abruptly, he came to the point.

"Miss Forrester, I understand that you accepted a transferred-charge telephone call at your flat last Tuesday afternoon?"

So that was it! And to think she had been feeling almost complacent that morning!

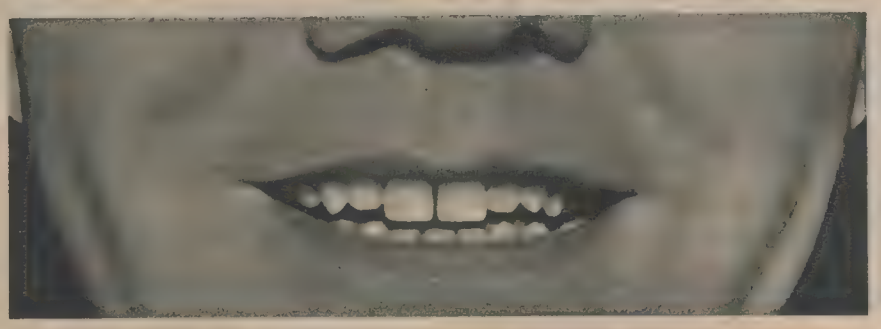
"Why, yes," she said, struggling

Whose are these lovely white teeth?

(Answer below)

24.

"My teeth are the envy of all my friends."



25.

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26.

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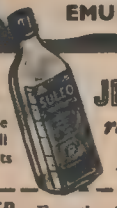

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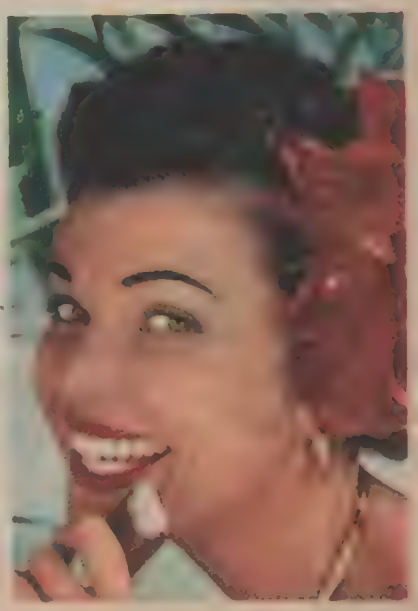
Thick full-cream milk chocolate —the way you love it when it comes from Mars!

Get a Bounty from your sweetshop to-day!



BOUNTY

Two big chunky bars for 6d.

ANOTHER SWEET TREAT BY MARS

hard to keep the fear out of her voice.

"At about half past four?"

"About then."

"Who was it from?"

"The operator said it was from my brother; that was why I took it."

"And was it?

"I don't know. The girl told me to go ahead, but nothing happened."

"The operator says she connected you."

"She may have done, but I didn't hear anyone. You know what telephones are like."

"Did you complain to the operator?"

"No."

"Did you try to get in touch with your brother afterwards and find out what it was all about?"

"No. I'd already decided to come down here, and, as I told you, I didn't want to see anyone—not even John."

"Didn't you think it rather strange that he should make a transferred-charge call?"

"I didn't think about it at all."

"Have you written to him or telephoned him since?"

"No. I've had too much on my mind."

"That I can believe," said Bates dryly. "Miss Forrester, would it surprise you to learn that that telephone call was made from a box very close to Pentonhurst Prison a few minutes after Charles Hilary escaped?"

Kathryn gave him a startled look. "I never thought of that. . . ." She broke off, and seemed to consider the idea. "Yes, I suppose it could have been Charles," she agreed after a moment. "And that would account for my not hearing anything—he must have been interrupted. . . . Oh, God!"

"You still insist that you didn't speak to him?"

"I certainly didn't speak to him." She was beginning to feel a little more confident now: if the operator hadn't actually heard them talking to each other, she might still be able to lie her way out.

BATES grunted. "Well, we'll leave that for the time being. Now I'd like to ask you a few questions about your journey down here that afternoon. I understand you stopped at a garage for petrol and while you were there you talked with an A.A. scout."

"Yes," said Kathryn, suddenly tense again.

"He and I had quite a long chat about you this morning. I made a point of asking him whether you appeared to be in reasonably good spirits when he talked to you, and he said he thought you were. It seems you even managed to smile at him."

"Is that so extraordinary?"

"Considering that Charles Hilary was going to be hanged at eight o'clock the next morning, I think it is—*most* extraordinary." The inspector paused significantly, while Kathryn inwardly cursed her folly. "Of course," he continued, after a moment, "if when you talked to him you knew that Hilary was safely hidden away in the back of your car, it would have been rather a different matter. . . ."

"That's nonsense, Inspector. The A.A. man would have seen him."

"Didn't you have a rug?"

"There was nothing under the rug."

"I wish I could believe you," he said. "Unfortunately you've given me every reason to distrust you."

"I don't see that I have."

"When I saw you last, you gave me to understand that you and Hilary didn't own a dinghy. Do you remember that?"

"Yes. . . ."

"Well, I've been making some inquiries at the yacht club up the river. It may interest you to know that three people can remember your having a dinghy. I'm told that it had the words 'Tender to Spray' painted in white letters on the back. . . ." He paused invitingly. "Well, what have you to say?"

Kathryn had gone very white. "Oh, that one," she said. "That was a long while ago. I'd almost forgotten it."

"Not so long ago, Miss Forrester. In July, to be exact. You were seen in the third week of July, towing it behind your boat Spray."

She was silent.

"Why did you tell me that you hadn't a dinghy? Why did you say that your boat didn't need one?"

"I—I don't know. I was upset."

"That's no answer at all." The inspector's tone became sharper. "Let me tell you what *I* think about all this. I think that the transferred charge call was from Hilary, and that you spoke to him, and that you arranged to pick him up. I think you brought him down here in your car and that he went off in the dinghy. That's why his boots were missing, that's why there was only one sleeping-bag, that's why there was no sign of his clothes. You helped him, and that's why your own boots were wet. Well, Miss Forrester, that's true, isn't it? He went away in the dinghy."

"No," she said faintly. "It's not true. I haven't seen him."

"Then why did you lie about the dinghy?"

SHE said: "Because I was afraid. When you came down here and asked me about it I realized that I hadn't seen it and I thought perhaps he might have got here before me and gone off in it. Afterwards, when I had the chance, I looked to see if there were any footmarks in the mud, but there weren't, except those that your policeman had made, so I knew I'd lied for nothing, but it seemed too late then to tell the truth. I'm sure what really happened is that someone stole the dinghy during the summer when we were away for so long. Anyhow, it's ridiculous. Where would he go in a dinghy? It was a tiny thing—he couldn't get far."

Bates looked out across the mud flats.

"No," he said thoughtfully, "he couldn't get far. He'd hardly have gone out to sea in it. But he might have taken it to one of those islands out there, full of provisions, mightn't he? He might be there now."

"I'm sure he isn't."

"We shall see." Bates moved towards the door. "Frankly, Miss Forrester, I don't believe a single word you've told me. I'm certain you know where he is, and I think that by this time tomorrow we shall have him in our hands. Good night."

To be continued next week

"Sounds as if there's some excitement down there"

A GIRL OF DISCRETION

Continued from page 15

with the lot. He saw him come in here after me, and he followed, and just as he was making me put the bag of money on the table, this kid jumped on him from behind, and they had a fight all over the office. Oh, we have called the police, really it's all right. They'll be here any minute. Look, there's some plaster off the wall there—the gun went off when they were struggling! Oh, Mr. Benton, it was awful!"

Stimulated by her employer's goggling eyes and open mouth, Miss Robinson was beginning to enjoy herself thoroughly. She had other fuel to keep her burning brightly, too; the boy's crimson face, upturned helplessly in the crook of her arm, inspired her to flights of delighted fancy.

"Did you get a good look at the bloke with the gun? Would you be able to recognize him again?" Benton fell on his knees, and began to gather up the scattered money, and his hands were fervent and fond upon the notes. The looks he gave the boy, between shuffling half-crowns back into their burst bags, were warm and friendly in the extreme.

"Yes," Amanda said, "I'm sure I could identify him. I don't think I ever saw him before, though. A big chap with a fawn-coloured duffle coat, rather dirty and greasy, and he'd pulled the hood over his head, but when they started wrestling about on the floor it came off, and I got a good look at him. Dark, he was, with rather long hair, and a high-coloured face—clean-shaven. Twice this kid's size! You never saw anything like it, when he jumped on him."

The kid in question was one flaming blush from collar to hair, and very nearly crying again with embarrassment and shame, but it wouldn't do him any harm to go on wriggling a bit longer. She'd hardly begun yet. Wait until the police arrived! If you can hang a dog by giving him a bad name, why not try loading him with a good one, and see what happens?

"Plucky! My word! If it hadn't been for him—" He tried to wriggle upright, but she held him fast by a handful of hair, and he gave up the painful struggle. "I tried to help, but I wasn't much use," she said maliciously. "We couldn't hold the chap, once he got scared. He hit the kid in the wind, and broke loose, and made off so fast we never had a chance to grab him. But anyhow, he didn't get what he came for!"

"And we never heard a thing!" Benton exclaimed. "That damned racket in there . . . here, I'll get him some brandy!"

When it came, she had to let the boy sit up and drink it, and while they were fussing over him the police arrived, a sergeant and a constable in great haste. Miss Robinson told her story all over again, and refrained, with some difficulty, from adding too many details to her description of the escaped gunman. The money was counted over, the description of the imaginary intruder telephoned to police headquarters on the spot, the revolver bullet duly winkled out of the wall, and she returned to the praise of her paladin with enthusiasm. If he had wanted to be a celebrity, so he should be—without ever having to fortify his ego with a gun again. If he wanted his name in the papers here it came!

THEY couldn't get a word out of him without infinite trouble, and even then it was only a mutter of: "I didn't do anything, really!" Modest, too! He literally didn't know where to look when he was praised to his face.

"I'm jolly glad you were on the spot like that," said Jim Benton, glowing with gratitude, "it's been a lucky job for me. But I can't understand how you happened to be there just at the right moment. *He* was hanging round on purpose, evidently knowing Amanda would be cashing up about that time, but how did *you* . . .?"

The boy looked up mutely at Miss Robinson, who met his appealing eye with a long, severe stare. "Well, I shouldn't ask him too many questions about that, if I were you. He was watching out for the time when he could get me by myself, too—only not for the same reason."

"Oh! Like that!" said the sergeant, grinning.

"Well, you know how it is, at his age. No harm—just a crush, the kind they all get at that stage. Too much of that, if you ask me," she added, jerking a thumb over her shoulder towards the auditorium, whence came the deep, husky and emotional murmurings of the last love scene. "Never mind, it turned out all right for me, I must say. If you've done with us," she said, relenting, "don't you think I'd better walk him home? He's looking a bit the worse for wear, and I reckon he deserves a break."

They agreed benevolently. He had given his name, David Roper, and an address in a respectable road not so far from her own home. She had him firmly under her thumb now, if ever he should be so misguided as to transgress again. Marching her mute captive homeward through the dark streets, she felt the waves of his confusion making his whole body tremble. He didn't know, and she wasn't going to explain to him, even if she could, how much of what he felt was abject thankfulness, how much piteous humiliation, how much honest shock and

Consider your verdict

JOHN'S parents won the case on page 29. The judge decided that the words "to and from school" were quite inescapable and meant exactly what they said. The council had not made suitable arrangements for getting John to school, and his fares would have to be paid from his home to a point as near as possible to his school. (*This is the probable decision, based on earlier judgments.*)

Advertiser's Announcement

Reporting on Beauty

New American tooth whitener "banned" in England

By Janet Clayton

THE new American tooth whitener discovered by a New York scientist is not allowed into England. So decyl-carminate, the new "miracle" ingredient, has to be made in this country, under special U.S.A. licence, because dollars cannot be spared for supplies of this precious new substance. But it's in the shops at last, and I've tried it.

I'm a bit of a Doubting Dora as a rule, but decyl-carminate has certainly won me over. It works. Straight away. I used it first one morning, and, before I got to the office, two of my travelling companions had noticed the difference and asked me for the secret.

Dentists Approve

IT was the brother of an old school friend—a dentist in America—who put me on to this discovery; and he tells me that decyl-carminate is just about the finest thing for your teeth, as it is so "kind" to the precious dental enamel. Toothpaste containing decyl-carminate is accepted by the profession as the latest and best way to get snowy-white (and brightly polished) teeth—without the slightest danger of scratching the enamel.

WHAT'S more, a tube of this toothpaste, costing only the same as the older fashioned types of paste, lasts just twice as long. And you are told to use only the merest touch on your brush—half as much as usual—in order to remove all unsightly stains and get teeth 2 or 3 shades whiter. For this reason, this new paste is called "Less Toothpaste." You ask for a tube of "Less," or "Less Toothpaste."

Ammoniated

"LESS"—a deep pink paste—is also ammoniated. America has gone wild about ammoniated toothpaste, because of its decay-reducing qualities. Regular use of this toothpaste keeps down dental caries (dentists' language for cavities) to a minimum.

In case of difficulty in obtaining "Less" locally, 1s. 7½d. sent to Lauraine Laboratories, Ltd., 2a, Star Road, London, W.14., mentioning "JOHN BULL," will bring you a tube post free.

shame. She just patted him comfortably, and said: "Never mind! You'd never have been any good at it, you know. Much better to find it out right away, and get used to the idea."

Under the fitful gold of the street lamps she saw that his one eye was closing, and his left cheek and his lips were swollen and discoloured. He managed at last, only just audibly: "I—well, thanks!" And suddenly fixing her with the one eye she had not spoiled: "I do think you're marvellous!"

AMANDA sighed resignedly. "My God! Do we have to start that now? How old are you, David?"

"Seventeen last month," he muttered out of his collar.

"Old enough to be getting some sense," she said.

He volunteered with a painful gulp: "I feel *awful*!"

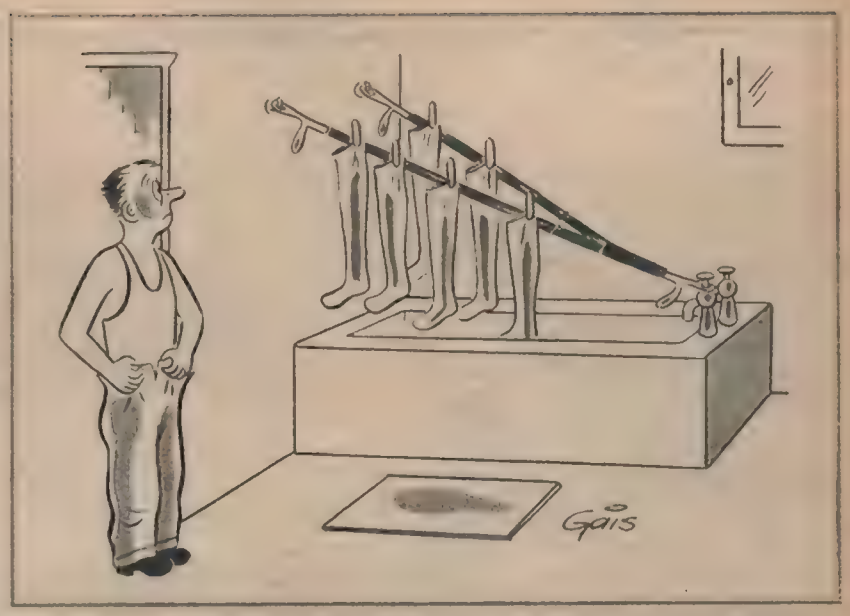
"Oh, you'll get over it! I shouldn't worry too much, nobody knows but you and me."

"But I can't go home and tell them all that stuff. How can I? After what I really did——"

"You'll have to. No help for it. If you give yourself away you'll give me away, too. I'm what they call an accessory. So you've got to tell the tale, and tell it well. And so have I, remember." She thought of the necessity for absolute discretion with a sigh, for it would have been nice to tell the whole crazy story to Bill; but she knew that nobody, not even Bill, would ever hear it from her.

"My folks won't believe me," he said helplessly.

"Yes, they will—they'll be glad to. You've got the evidence on you, and you've got witnesses. Just refer them to me—I saw everything."



They were approaching the bridge over the canal, a little hump-backed shadow in the darkness. She stopped suddenly, and pulling the revolver out of the pocket of her skirt, put it firmly into his hand. "Here, this is yours."

He didn't understand for a moment; his fingers shrank, not wanting to accept it, but she took hold of them, and closed them upon the butt.

"That's *your* responsibility."

He was so quiet that she thought he was crying again; but when they came to the crest of the bridge he pulled away from her suddenly, and clutched at the parapet. His hand crept over into the darkness. There was a small, dull splash.

In the reflected light she saw his face, precariously calm, and yet tremulous with confused regrets, and grievances, and gratitudes. He had thrown the illusion away of his own free will; he couldn't be expected not to grieve a little for all the rosy, inflated dreams of himself which had to go overboard with it. THE END

THE ANTELOPE BOY

Continued from page 23

and at the foot of three excellent climbs. The bar room when he went in was packed. Guides, tourist-climbers and journalists mingled together round the board-tables, playing pinochle, drinking or eating great dishes of *pasta*. The place was like an oven and tobacco smoke writhed in a fog round the pressure lamps.

Scalinati was sitting at a table near the bar with half a dozen men. One of them with his back towards the door seemed to be doing all the talking. He was huge, sprawled back in his chair, filling the room with his voice.

Hansa crossed to the bar, wondering where he had heard that voice before. He exchanged greetings with Anna, the *hausfrau*.

"If it isn't the Old Man of the Mountains himself!" the big voice bulled behind him.

Hansa ordered his drink without turning round. He felt nervous suddenly.

A hand caught him by the belt. "Hey! Don't you talk to old friends?"

Hansa turned round slowly. The faces round the table were grinning at him—narrow, wolfish faces.

The big man was sprawled round on one hip trying to get his attention. He was holding a long black cigarette-holder in his mouth with one hand. His face was red and heavily moustached and gross, with a pair of fine, cruel eyes loaded with cynicism. The huge body under its city clothes had a collapsed look as though he hadn't the energy to support it. A big red carnation glowed in his buttonhole.

It was Ponterosso, the sports columnist. The old man had met him last year at the ski-championships.

"Signor Ponterosso," he repeated aloud, feeling himself tauten.

"So I am recognized!" Ponterosso said. "And how is the great Hansa? Anna! A big drink for this old man." And when the drink came: "Here, drink it." He held up his own glass. "To one million million A.D., when all the mountains will be flat!"

"Amen," somebody said.

"Go on, drink it. It was a joke," Ponterosso said testily. He turned to the other. "One must be careful with the locals; they're so damned touchy."

Hansa sipped at the *grappa* shakily. He tried to sound conversational. "Is it permitted to ask: how did it go today?"

"The hunt for the brat? Wretchedly. But you should ask the *colonnello*. Have you two met?"

"Thank you," Hansa said, not looking at Scalinati.

Ponterosso was not slow on the uptake. He was amused. "Oh-ho! So?" He made a clicking sound with his tongue. "What a difficult old man you are. . . . No, it was a fiasco today, my friend. The *contadini* said that there was some madman in the mountains shouting his head off. They thought he must have scared the chamois away."

Hansa tried to keep his voice steady. "I suppose you—will try again tomorrow?"

"Naturally. Tomorrow we're going to try something new."

"What sort of thing?"

"You'll see." Ponterosso nodded towards Scalinati, who was still reading. "Confess now, is this—this childishness the reason why you are not working with us?"

Hansa looked round at the amused faces; felt a sudden surge of defiance. It was the liquor.

"Perhaps," he said distinctly, "I do not like what you are doing."

There was a surprised murmur.

"So? This is most interesting. Tell us, old friend, what is it you object to so strongly in what we are doing?" Ponterosso's tone was bantering but his eyes were suddenly speculative. Hansa regretted having spoken, but there was no way back now.

"If I might first ask you a question, *Signor*," he said. "What will you do to this little boy if you capture him?"

PONTEROSSO shrugged. "Oh, Lord! So you are a sentimentalist, too. My dear fellow, I don't know. The medical profession want to take a look at him. I suppose they'll examine him; make tests. I don't know."

"With machines? He will die of terror."

"Nuts."

"But he will. Please, *Signor*, I know. And afterwards; what will happen to him, then?"

"Old man, we are not concerned with what happens to him. He'll be educated, I suppose, and given a chance to take his place in society." He flicked a glance at his friends and tongued his cheek. "Who knows, he might even grow up to be a great sports writer. He's a human being, you know."

Scalinati guffawed into his paper.

Hansa blinked. "Truly, *Signor*," he said, "the child isn't human. Not as we understand it. He knows nothing of right and wrong. He's innocent—an innocent creature."

"So am I," Ponterosso said. He waited for the vulgarity to subside. "But if you want to get technical, my friend, being human is to have the capacity for understanding right and wrong. The child must have that capacity. In which case he will be taught."

"But, *Signor*, have we the right? The right to take away his innocence? You know about Adam. This child is Adam before the apple. Must we give him the apple? Must we be serpents?"

"My dear chap, he has inherited the apple. We all have."

"But, forgive me, *Signor*, he has not. He has been brought up without it. Isn't it true that it is the way we are brought up that makes us what we are? This little boy—he has been brought up for nine years as a chamois. . . ."

IT sounded absurd. He stopped, confused. They were laughing at him.

Scalinati was unable to keep quiet any longer. He thrust aside the newspaper he had been ostensibly reading. "I thought you knew nothing about the boy."

"I lied, *Signor Colonnello*."

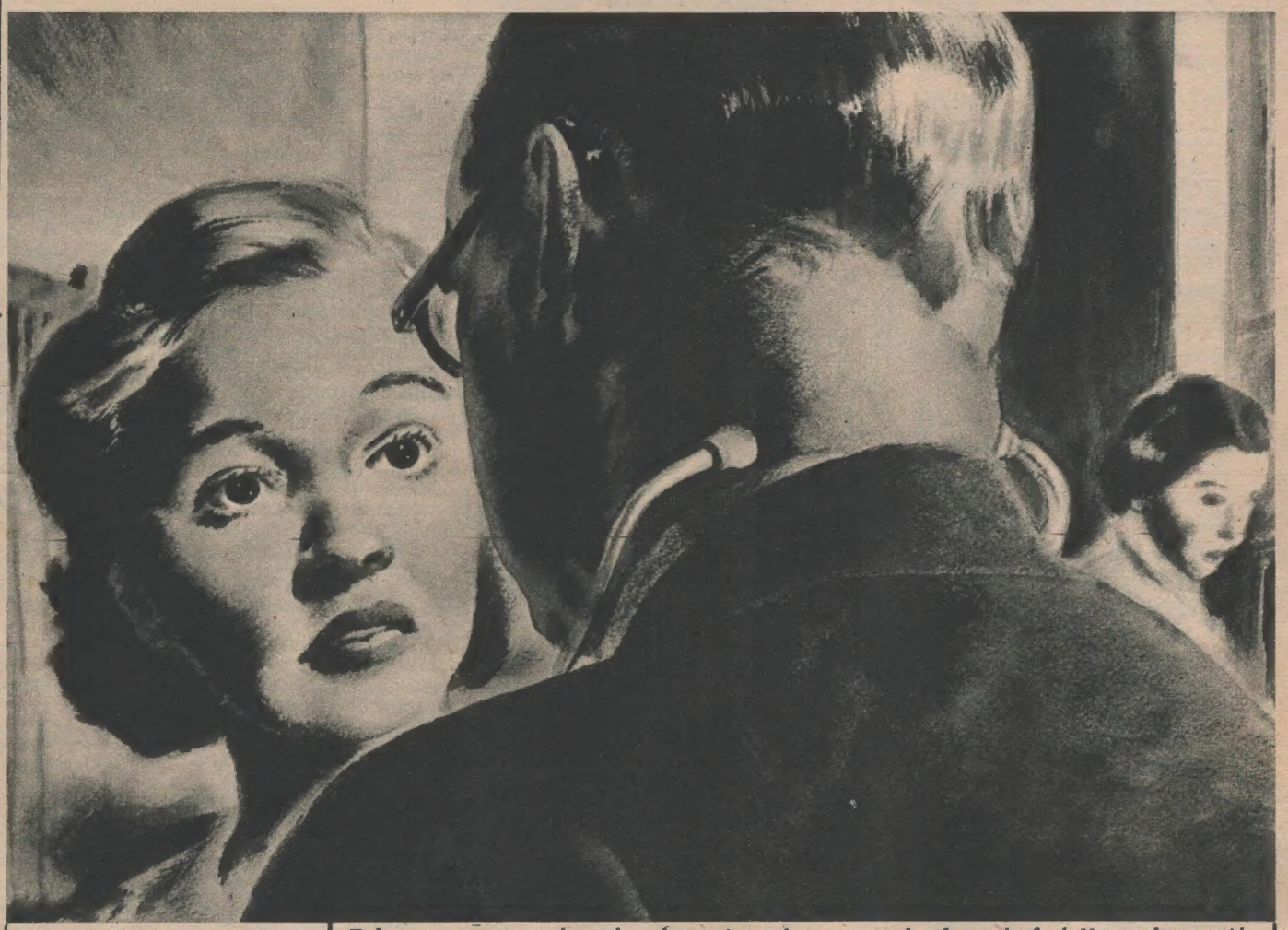
"Oh, hallo," Ponterosso said. "Woken up, have we? Of course he lied. You must be incredibly naïve, Giulio. Here's this old man—half-goat—and you actually believe that he doesn't know what's going on in his own mountains! I can see I should have come up here sooner." He turned to Hansa. "And you, though you may not know it, my simple old friend, are an Existentialist, and you're up a tree. A human being is not merely the sum of his experience; he is the product of a long line of human beings and their experience, too. And now, confound you, let's stop this philosophical nonsense and talk about women."

The old man was confused. "Forgive me," he said. "You use such long words. It must be easy to quieten your conscience with such long words. You are so—certain. I would like to be so certain. But I'm not. I say to myself, how does it feel to be this little

If you ever feel vaguely out of sorts, or suffer from irregular elimination, you owe it to yourself to read every word of this. For medical experts say that this irregularity is probably the most common of all human ailments.

CONSTIPATION CAN BE ENTIRELY RELIEVED BY A FOOD

Don't go on ignoring this modern enemy —use Nature's defence against it!



Today, even young people work under strains and stresses their ancestors never knew. In addition they eat a diet often over-refined by manufacture and processing —too much soft, starchy food. Nature alone provides the "bulk" to condition and tone the system and so end modern man's most insidious complaint—constipation.

What exactly is constipation?

It is a condition that occurs in an astonishingly high proportion of men and women today, and unfortunately it is something that grows almost unnoticed. This is because constipation is a persistent condition of sluggishness in eliminating waste products from the body. Therefore persons whose work is sedentary—particularly office workers and others who lack exercise—are far more prone to constipation than are men and women who can keep bodies fit by hard manual labour.

The effects of constipation can range from a host of minor troubles such as irritation, inefficiency, moodiness and a general feeling of being "under the weather" to more serious results; lack-lustre eyes, liability to colds and 'flu, bad complexions—these are the more obvious physical signs.

Dosing at regular or irregular intervals affords only a temporary relief, and may bring on "progressive constipation." The body no longer reacts to purging. Bigger doses, or another formula, are taken.

But there is *no* overnight cure for this condition.

Modern diet is soft, starchy

The food we eat nowadays is mostly cooked, manufactured, and processed in various ways. Much of it is starch—bread, potatoes, macaroni, puddings, sweets, etc. This diet, lacking the fibre of more natural foods, lacking the "bulk" our intestines *need* for their proper working, cannot be naturally and regularly eliminated.

It stays in our bodies too long. It gives rise to gases and ferments. Stoppages occur. The occasional "flushing" we give ourselves when we feel dull and heavy inside does little to get us into a regular natural rhythm.

"Bulk" is a menu "must"

What is needed is "bulk." Our bodies can *only* work as Nature designed them to work. They should burn the fats and starches and sugars into heat and energy, regularly getting rid of waste products. They should use meat, eggs, fish, cheese, to repair worn tissue, regularly eliminating the poisonous residues.

If, every day, we took enough "bulk" in our food to absorb, hold, and pass out all these waste products of digestion, then within a week or so a regular routine would be set up. The results in health, spirits and energy would astonish us.

But unless the *progressive* condition of *stasis* (stand-still) in our insides is ended by the passing of safe, non-irritant "bulk," right through the digestive tract, *regularly every 24 hours*, we cannot be sure that not only is each day's wastage removed, but that *accumulated* waste is gently but firmly eliminated.

Cut the vicious circle, NOW!

Unless waste is thus regularly eliminated, a vicious circle is set up. Unwanted matter accumulates. Its lingering by-products cause further interruption to the body's "regularity."

This progressive condition of stasis can be ended by a single, simple decision. A pleasant, crisp breakfast cereal—ALL-BRAN—can be taken every day. All-Bran is "bulk." It takes up water. It expands into an unbelievably soft, fine, pulpy mass. It passes through the system in 24 hours. It brings away the whole of the residues, right through your system.

Even the worst cases—even a body that has had a lifetime of ill-usage—will respond to this gentle, natural persuasion within a week or two!

A daily helping of a delicious breakfast food will end "progressive constipation"

There is *no* sensation of churning, *no* stomach upset, *no* awareness of anything happening in your inside, when you have eaten All-Bran, with milk and sugar to taste, or with other cereals, or with fruit.

Nature is working for you. You are, by one simple, daily addition to your normal diet, becoming a natural person again. You are giving your system a food—rich in phosphorus and iron—that insensibly assumes the role of a soft interior brush—gentle but irresistible! You are taking natural "bulk." Your bowel muscles have something to grip, now. They act *naturally*. The benefits are *astounding!*

"No constipation in my life"

"Putting in a full day's work as I do, I can't afford to feel out of sorts," writes saleswoman Mrs. Phyllis Beverly, of Barnes, Surrey. "I rely implicitly on All-Bran to keep me 'regular.' I have it for breakfast every morning — and sally forth feeling fine!"

"Feel alert, full of life"

"I'm what you'd call an expert on laxatives," writes Mr. J. E. Sawyer, of Northampton. "I took all kinds for years and years and still I felt 'under the weather.' Then about two years ago I began eating Kellogg's All-Bran; today I feel a completely different person, alert and full of life . . ."

The choice is YOURS—tomorrow morning

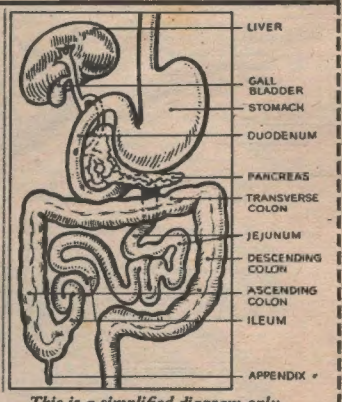
To be well, cheerful, full of energy and good spirits, keen in brain and body—or to be increasingly dull, listless, vaguely unwell, irritable, inefficient both at work and play!

Who would hesitate between these two alternatives, once he or she knew the answer to this almost universal complaint?

Try All-Bran for ten mornings. An 11½d. packet will convince you. You may not care for its nutty flavour—persons vary enormously in their likes and dislikes. In that case, try All-Bran with a little fruit, or marmalade. Or take it with your favourite cereal.

HOW CONSTIPATION OCCURS

In your inside, there are *thirty whole feet* of intestinal tubes. Your food passes thro' them after leaving the stomach, giving up its nutritive values, leaving waste products behind. Much of our modern food is so soft that it is too-readily absorbed, or forms a viscous, non-bulky residue. There is nothing for the lower bowel to grip. Once the bowel muscles find this happening, they relax. They lose "tone." They get more and more unwilling, more and more unable, to work. But give them "bulk" and they respond again. Give them "bulk" regularly, and they respond regularly. All-Bran provides bulk naturally. You know nothing about it—but your bowel muscles do. You become "regular"!



This is a simplified diagram only

But take it. Take it regularly for ten days.

If after ten days you haven't experienced the benefit of daily regularity, we will gladly refund *double* your money!

Kellogg's All-Bran is ready-to-eat. It is the rich outer-layers of wheat, oven-toasted with sugar, salt and malt flavouring to a delicious, nutty crispness. All grocers have it.

NEW WONDERFUL year-round fitness for LESS THAN ONE PENNY AND LESS THAN ONE MINUTE every day!

JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW
BARGAINS BY POST

SPECIAL BARGAIN SALE
Brand New Embroidered TAFFETA QUILTS
25/11, Post 1/7 ex. 2 for 50/-, P. Free. Size 72 x 42. Covered in art. silk. Formerly 34/11. 4 cols.: Rose, Green, Gold, Blue. Large size 72 x 55 32/11. Emb. Taffeta b'spread to match, 70 x 100, 22/11; 90 x 100, 29/11.

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OH, JOHNNY!

by TIM

boy? Supposing the hated man-thing caught *me* in a trap, and dragged me down into the thick, wet air of a valley? The sounds would deafen my ears. I should die, *Signor*. And if I didn't, cou'd I bear to have my feet squeezed into leather things and be made to walk instead of run?"

Ponterosso was paying for the drinks.

"Could *you*?" the old man asked, desperately trying to hold his attention. "You would long, forgive me, *Signor*, for the warm hairy body of your mother, for the dawn. . . ."

It was so clear in his mind. He saw it beginning below him and spreading up and through the acid stillness, caught the tang of silent lakes, heard the tiny click of rock expanding in the sunlight. You could taste the dawn, he thought. It was like cucumber. It made the hackles rise and the heart open like a flower. Then he thought of atom bombs and elections and corruption and money. He could never put it into words. He felt as if he would burst.

"All that you're trying to say," Scalinati said with an impatient flap of his hands, "is that if a cat suckles a dog, the dog becomes a cat; and it's drivel. Sheer unmitigated drivel!"

"I'm hungry," Ponterosso said. "Don't you people want to eat?"

"But you must listen!" pleaded the old man. "I have explained badly. If only I could explain, you would see. . . ." The narrow-faced young men were talking to each other suddenly, taking no notice of him. "Just one more," one was saying. "No, let's eat. Let's get out of here." A chair scraped. He felt strange. Things were blurred a little and something was singing in his head. "I beg you to consider . . ." They were all getting up.

"Some other time, *vecchio*," Ponterosso said, looming over him.

It was hopeless. Somehow Hansa managed to get up and stood very straight, holding on to the chair.

"Thank you," he said vaguely. "I'm sorry . . . I——"

"Of course. *Ciau!*"

"Good night."

The old man turned suddenly and moved stiffly towards the door. When he had gone a little way, Ponterosso called after him: "Oh, by the way. Cut out the shouting tomorrow, there's a good fellow. Or we may have to have a word with the *carabinieri*."

By the next morning the old man had got over some of the shame that burned in him all night. He rose before dawn and let himself out of the guest cabin on the tree-line, where he had rented a bed, and climbed up through the cold blue luminosity towards the *rifugio*.

Lamps were already alight in the long building and he could hear people moving about on the boards inside. He kept on past the hostel, turned up a steep slope and climbed to a position of vantage to wait.

He felt on edge and unreal. He tried not to think of last night, but watched the light widen in the air and strike the Patanaccio like a beacon and creep in a golden glacier down into the blackness. The eternal grandeur of it always filled him with humility and now he said three Hail Marys, his breath white before his eyes, and after that he felt calmer. He settled back to wait.

Presently the sound of voices came up to him from the valley and he saw the fateful expedition moving slowly along beneath him. He counted thirty-three men, four donkeys and a mule. Riding the mule was Ponterosso.

Hansa let them pass; then he got up and followed them, keeping high up on the mountainside.

Scalinati and the guide led them up the valley, past the site of yesterday's trap and on into the higher country to the north-west. After an hour and a half they halted in a high narrow ravine and the *contadini* began again to fix the net.

The old man was surprised. He had expected something more original. Moreover, he did not like the look of the ravine. Its sides rose sheer from fifteen feet and V-ed into a leanback of treacherous shale. It was past its danger-angle, held only by the lip of the hard rock beneath. Still, that was their business, he thought.

The sun strengthened. The ravine echoed with the ring of hammers. The old man sat behind a rock and ate his breakfast.

He was wondering what Ponterosso had meant last night about "trying something new." Without knowing, he could make no plan. It was nerve-racking, sitting and waiting and not being able to make a plan.

When the net was ready and they had fixed places in the rock on either side for the two men to hide who were to raise the net, the peasants sat down and some of them lighted pipes.

They are waiting for someone to arrive, he thought, looking back along the trail. But there was no one in sight. The mystery of it agitated him.

An hour crawled past. Two. Scalinati and his men still kicked their heels down in the ravine. Three. The sun beat down fiercely, making it uncomfortable among the rocks. He wondered what the boy was doing. He hoped that he was far away; too far for them to find.

The sun climbed slowly to its zenith.

Faintly at first, like the snorting of a distant motor-bicycle, he heard the plane. It sounded unsubstantial in the high atmosphere and he listened to it uncomprehendingly.

Then there was a muffled report from the ravine and he turned in time to see a bright green signal light trace an arc against the sky and drift slowly down. Scalinati reloaded the pistol and fired again.

Even then the old man did not fully understand. Not until he saw the plane.

It came in across the peaks sideways, like a great, broken-backed dragonfly, straightened up and came on, headlong, nose down and tail up, as though its front legs couldn't keep up with its back. When it reached the ravine it slowed down until it was quite motionless in the air, and hung there on its rotor.

HANSA knew it was a helicopter, though he had never seen one before. He thought that he had never seen anything so ugly. Scalinati was waving to it. He had something in his hand. It was like a small box with a long prong at one end. He held it to his ear and spoke into it like a telephone. It *was* a telephone!

Hansa fumbled for his Zeiss and peered at the machine. There were two men sitting in the nose. One of them was talking into a similar box. The other had a rifle.

He knew then what they were going to do and the devilishness of it made him go cold.

"Thou eagle-brood!" he called aloud. "Thou *macchina*!" He put into the words all the deep mistrust and hatred he felt in his heart for mechanical things. He shook his fist at it. If he had had a rifle he would have shot it.

Suddenly, without warning, the plane swung upwards and away, like a crow with the wind under its wings, and droned off across the canyons.

They are going to scout for the chamois, Hansa thought desperately. Then they will drive them this way with the sound of their engine. I must do something and do it quickly.

Scalinati was posting the two men who were to work the net. He sent Ponterosso, the journalists and the remaining *contadini* out of sight behind some boulders. Then he climbed out of the ravine himself and took up a position above the slide, overlooking the net.

Hansa worked his way forward on the reverse slope of the opposite ridge until he was level with the mouth of the ravine. His legs were shaking. A last resort, a desperate plan, was forming in his mind.

If they catch the boy I will kill him, he thought. I will run up over the shoulder and start the slide moving and crush him as he struggles in the net. He would sooner I did that than suffer the terrors they have in store for him.

He crouched among the rocks, listening to the distant drone of the plane. It flew backwards and forwards among the peaks, looking for the chamois. Half an hour passed. The plane was working steadily west.

SUDDENLY, from the direction of the plane he heard the faint snap of a rifle. The echo followed slowly, like the shush of steam in a huge station.

"*Ecc'!*" he heard Scalinati shout on the other side of the ravine.

"*Madonna, Madonna!*" the old man whispered. "It has found them." He stood up, pressing back his knees with his hand. Mustn't get the cramp now. I must be strong with myself. I mustn't fail him. He watched the plane intensely. It was lower now, jinking about erratically. They are running, he thought. The poor beasts are running, terrified.

The rifle fired again. What were they doing up there? Surely not shooting the boy! Then he knew that they were killing the chamois so that only he should reach the net. Too many creatures might break it.

He heard the rifle fire at intervals and all the time the plane worked steadily nearer. The old man strained his eyes through the glasses, watching the saddle between the peaks. The creatures would cling to the high ground till the very last, he knew.

Then he saw them, tiny, coming across the saddle. There were four of them; three chamois—and the boy—almost exhausted, zig-zagging among the rocks, bewildered, terrified, the *macchina* above and behind them, driving them relentlessly towards the ravine.

Even as he watched he saw the man lean out of the cockpit with the gun. One of the chamois stumbled and rolled down the steep rocks, the report coming after.

Pity and shame welled up in the old man's throat, choking him. Seeing the child now, running for his life, he realized, too late, that he could never kill him. He loved him. It would be like killing his own son. I have failed you, he thought. Only I can save you and I have failed you.

Dismayed, he saw him tear down the mountainside towards the valley in a flurry of loose rock; heard the men in the plane whooping like cowboys, the one with the gun leaning as far out as he could to draw a bead on the remaining chamois.

Then suddenly he was running himself, down the slope into the mouth of

the ravine, waving his arms and shouting.

"*Porco Madonna!*" he heard Scalinati shout above him. "Look at the fool! Get out—get away!"

The boy was coming fast, using his hands little on the down-slope, twisting and ducking, jerking his head back towards the plane in terror. The old man ran towards him shouting: "Not this way!" and "Go back!" But the boy kept on towards him, eyes flaring, blind to everything but the machine.

The old man knew then that the boy would pass him; that he could never stop him. He twisted round, bewildered. Scalinati was yelling like a madman. The rifle cracked behind him. His mind panicked; was as suddenly still. The net! something said clearly inside him. Stop them lifting the net!

With the boy less than two hundred yards away, he ran as fast as his old legs could carry him into the ravine.

"Stop him!" Scalinati shouted above the roar of the plane. "Someone get the old fool out of there!"

Hansa heard someone behind him; turned, but it was only the echo of his own footsteps running wildly. He saw the net stretched like a shadow across the ground ahead; strained every sinew, his breath whistling in his throat. Turning again, he saw the boy enter the ravine behind him. He had to make it—had to!

THE gun cracked, almost overhead this time, and a shot whined past him. They were trying to drop the chamois. It cracked again, nearer this time, the deflected bullet snapping past his ear like a whip. They should be careful with the boy so close, he thought.

The next ricochet hit him. He heard nothing—only the *wump* as the spread metal thumped into his back, knocking him over. Somewhere someone screaming: "Raise the net! Raise the net!" A blackness like ink spread behind his eyes. He struggled up, clawing at the air with his hands, blundered on, the net leaping up to meet him. It caught him under the armpits and he collapsed on to it, dragging it down.

Scalinati was still shouting above him, no longer coherently; then somehow the shout became a scream and there was a new sound, the high-pitched grating of rock on rock that did not stop but went on and on, growing louder, breaking suddenly into thunder which shuddered the ground. He has started the slide, the old man thought vaguely. It would carry him downwards and he would be killed; they would both be killed. He lay there gasping, holding the jerking net down with his body. He was glad that Scalinati would die with him. He was unholy. He was a breaker of the silence. And without him they would have to abandon the hunt.

"Hurry," he groaned, "or it will be too late."

Something like a light wind leapt over him and bounded away on silent feet up the ravine. Through dimming eyes he saw it was the boy, running raggedly but fast.

"*Grazie, Madonna,*" he whispered. He watched him hungrily, as though it were his own life racing away from him; watched him pull away to one side and spring suddenly up the rock face where it was less steep, leaping with renewed strength towards the line of rock and sky; then he was against the sky, meeting the sunlight like a sudden flame, and away over the rim. The old man thought he had never seen anything so beautiful.

He relaxed his body then and let the thing come, and it moved up and over him like shadow of a cloud, very stealthy and sure and cold. He lay there respectfully and did not fight it and it was gentle with him.

The rocks thundered down, filling the air with dust and sound and chaos; but he was beyond them and their pain, gone, racing now through the bright sunlight on feet that were no longer old, feeling the warm rocks with his toes, leaping and climbing, upwards, ever upwards, through the stillness towards the peaks that he loved.

THE END

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To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "EXAMPLES"

Thirsting For Peace
Tumultuous Days
Footballer John
Put Safety First And
Love's Magic
For The Good Of All
A Woman's Place
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Out Of School
A Good Laugh
Murderous
Man With A Whistle
Hardly Necessary
Horror Upon Horror
In Three Dimensions
Grandpa's Regiment
Rattling And Squeaking
Nice, Cosy Chat
With Mac, Brolly, Goloshes
Groping In The Dark

Incomplete "Examples"—see instructions

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.....Like Anything
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£20: Mrs. K. Baker, Winchfield Hospital, Winchfield, Hants: THE WIND AND THE RAIN—"IN STORE," BUT COAL—?

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(All 1,560 other prizes have been posted.)

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit; the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are full rate. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests (in *Bulletin* and *Gazette*, dated October 17, and in JOHN BULL dated October 24), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, October 10, for early news of *Bullets* No. 1,904 result.)

CASH AND FOOD PRIZES FOR XWORDS!

This Way To Win

FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues below. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one*, *two* or *three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

Across Clues **XWORD 856**

1. Old actor may be in a different one every time you see him
3. If old fox is caught, it's probably because this was too much for him
7. It's not surprising if one is sometimes difficult to follow
8. A healthy kiddy is naturally this
11. They may be used in fortifying
13. They are tricky customers
14. Can make an appreciable difference to one's outlook

Down Clues

2. One can get dripping from
3. In the season you may find them, probably in boxes, in Covent Garden
4. Regular rhythm of one could easily be more common than it is
5. State of dampness can seriously affect these
6. Is a queer sort of fish
9. Broken one is pretty serious
10. Without some sort of understanding, these of different nations may clash
12. May be bottled in two entirely different ways

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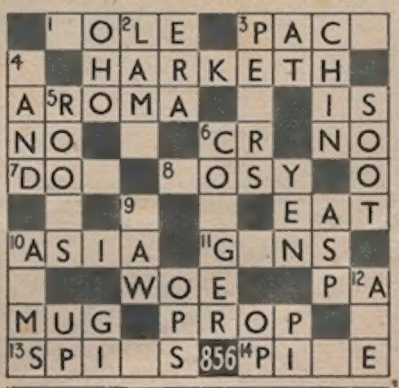

■	1	O	2 L	E	■	3 P	A	C	■
4	■	H	A	R	K	E	T	H	■
A	5 R	O	M	A	■	■	■	I	S
N	O	■	■	■	6 C	R	■	N	O
7 D	O	■	■	8	O	S	Y	■	O
■	■	■	9	■	■	■	E	A	T
10 A	S	I	A	■	11 G	■	N	S	■
■	■	■	W	O	E	■	■	P	12 A
M	U	G	■	P	R	O	P	■	■
13 S	P	I	■	S	856	14 P	I	■	E

CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
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In adjudication, all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with one extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.). Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.) and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.).

Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated Oct. 10.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per contest and to entry equal to 16 Squares. Signature indicates agreement to Rules.

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